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"DARK GORDON IS STANDING BEFORE THE PAIR!"—[BY MILLAIS.]

DARK GORDON'S BRIDE.

YOUNG Helen has heard the fatal order,
Her English lover must banished be,
For Gordon, Chief on the Scottish border,
Comes hither to bend the wooer's knee.

She wildly vows to the heaven's above her
She'll wed young Nevill, whate'er betide;
But her father has banish'd her landless lover,
And the haughty chieftain claims his bride.

In after-days they have met: far better
That parted lovers should meet no more,
When *one* is bound by that golden fetter,
With the love still warm at each true heart's core.

So sadly he touch'd her lily finger,
Weeping she look'd on her ring of gold:
Ah, fatal thus by his side to linger!
Fatal to sigh for the days of old!

"I saw thee kneeling before the altar,
My haughty rival was by thy side,
But I could not hear thy dear voice falter
When vowing to be his *faithful* bride!"

"What, Nevill! canst thou be cruel-hearted?
A father's blessing I could not win,
Unless we two for aye were parted—
But, oh, I have wept for that deadly sin!

"Vowing to *honor*, I *scorned* and *hated*,
Dreaming on all I had loved and lost,
But, ah! more bitter, more darkly fated,
That ever again our paths have cross'd!"

She felt the clasp of his hand so tender,
One kiss he press'd on her cheek so fair—
Hark to that curse! May Heaven defend her!
Dark Gordon is standing before the pair!

Proudly he lifted his Scottish bonnet,
Oh, but his smile was dark to see:
"What ho! Sir Nevill, my life upon it,
Thou comest to win my bride from me!"

Now foot to foot, as the sun was sinking,
Both lover and husband frowning stood,
The fiery chieftain's blade is drinking
The brave young Nevill's knightly blood.

She tore the ring from her lily finger,
With, "Nevill, beloved, I come to thee!
In the Gordon's halls no more I linger
If this weak hand can set me free!"

She pluck'd the dirk from her bleeding lover,
She buried it deep in her breast so white—
With, "Nevill, beloved, our woes are over!—
To the Gordon's thrall a glad good-night!"

The chief look'd down on the hapless lovers—
Oh, but his frown was dark to see:
"I would give the best of my lands, proud Nevill,
To hold the heart thou hast lured from me!"

He knelt him down as her life was ebbing,
On the trampled heather he bent the knee;
"I would pluck the heart from my breast, false Ellen,
For one soft smile of love from thee!"

THE KING OF NAPLES.

WE publish herewith a portrait of Francis the Second, who at the time we write is believed to be still King of Naples. We hasten to place his portrait on record, as it is evident that in a very short time his reign will have ended.

There is very little to be said about him. He is quite young; during his father's lifetime he was kept away from the court and political life, was watched by spies and nursed by Jesuits. The treatment seems to have pleased him. When he ascended the throne of Naples, about a year and a half ago, he gathered the Jesuits round him and still further augmented their privileges and power; he likewise increased his army of spies. Like his father, when Palermo revolted, he bombarded the city, causing incalculable misery and bloodshed; when his officers failed to bombard Messina, he dismissed them in disgrace. Like his father, when he saw that the game of brutal tyranny was over, he tried conciliation and meditated treachery; issued a constitution, and took oaths about as complete and as little calculated to be binding as those to which his father swore in March, 1848. Let us hope that his people will not trust him as they trusted the father; but that the work now begun will go on until the Bourbon dynasty in Naples is a thing of the past.

We subjoin a brief memorandum of the father's oath and its performance, in order that people may judge what might be expected of the son:

On the 10th of February, 1848, Ferdinand II., being in much the same kind of position as his son at the present moment, took a right Royal oath. Ferdinand II., being by the grace of God King of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, and many other places, in the first place swore very heavily to defend the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Religion—and, so far, no doubt he was sincere. He then went on with the swearing, as thus: "I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be inviolably observed, the constitution of this Monarchy, promulgated and irrevocably sanctioned by me on the 10th day of February, 1848, for the same kingdom. I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be observed, all the laws actually in force, and the others which shall be successively sanctioned within the limits of the said constitution of the kingdom. I promise and swear never to do, nor to attempt, any thing against the Constitution, and the laws which have been sanctioned, as well for the property as the persons of our most loving subjects. So may God help me, and preserve me in His holy keeping!" This is pretty hard swearing; the gunners of the 15th of May were the commentators upon the Royal oath.

We are speaking of only twelve years ago. These matters are fresh in the recollection of the Neapolitan people. Trust to the word of a Neapolitan king! Why, upon the 24th of May, when he had blown a good number of his subjects off the face of the earth, and further hypocrisy was quite needless, Ferdinand II., of blessed memory, published another proclamation, in which he declared it to be his fixed resolution "to maintain the constitution of the 10th of May pure and unstained by any kind of excess, which, being the only one compatible with the real and present wants of this part of Italy, will be the Holy Ark upon which the destinies of our most beloved people and our crown must repose." After this preliminary falsehood, Ferdinand II., in an unctuous, paternal kind of fashion, tells his subjects to resume their usual occupations; "to trust with effusion of mind to our loyalty, our religion, and *our holy and spontaneous oath*; and live in the fullest assurance, etc., etc., etc." The good King wanted to catch his loving subjects, and he caught them. In 1851, when Mr. Gladstone visited Naples, there were still between 15,000 and 20,000 state prisoners in the Two Sicilies, although a good number had been worked off in the interval. Settembrini and the other leading prisoners of the time have left an account of what these prisons were; and how they were dragged through the streets by the hair of their heads, beaten, spat upon, pinioned for days together, and made to sit in chairs in the presence of soldiers, who told them they had orders to shoot them. Settembrini, after being sentenced to death, was confined in a room fifteen feet square with eight other persons—one of them a notorious assassin. Poerio, with fifteen others, was shut up in a small room, where they were chained two and two together.

It is well to remember these things at the present time, when there seems a probability that the Neapolitans may be able to rid themselves of a family, where the son is like the father—and this is what the father did.

FRANCESCO II., THE KING OF NAPLES.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER.

SEPTEMBER winds are soft and warm,
September nights are clear;
The weird moon flies in haste to greet
The autumn of the year.
Her beams are wrestling with the waves
On Michigan's broad lake—
They struggle, feint, and fall away
In many a silver flake.

Our steamer, gay with waving flags,
And banners rich and rare,
Swept proudly from Chicago's wharves,
While music rent the air.
Out to the lake, with mirth and song,
Went twenty score of souls;
Along the line of laughing waves
The jovial monster rolls.

The moonlight fell in shimmering streams
About our steamer's deck,
And glanced on many a nodding plume,
And many a snow-white neck.
Quick feet were moving in the dance
To music's liveliest strain,
While whispering lovers breathed their tales
Of old loves o'er again.

'Twas long beyond the midnight hour,
And white sails flitted by;
While still the music, laugh, and song
Went ringing to the sky;
Till one white, ghost-like, hurrying craft
Swept on with wind and tide,
Crashed, reckless of our warning, through
The gallant steamer's side.

I've read in some old fairy tale
Of cities vast and lone,
Where every living, moving thing
Turned suddenly to stone.
And so, that instant with the crash,
All life seemed hushed in death,
And stony forms stood staring pale
With terror-bated breath.

The heavy surging of the sea,
The rushing of the steam,
Was heard instead of groan or prayer,
Of shrieking or of scream;
And then, as though the silence waked
The stony-footed crowd,
Our decks were wild with pallid forms,
That wept and sobbed aloud.

O God! it was a fearful time—
Short time for thought or prayer—
When twenty score of deathly cries
Rang out upon the air.
North, east, south, west, they strained their eyes
Along the moonlit waves;
Then, hopeless, knelt in stolid fear
Above their waiting graves.

Then how they clung in shivering groups,
As pitched our steamer through
The deep trough of the silent sea,
So deep and dark and blue!
Then how they held their shrieking breaths
With every moaning roll,
And each poor, shrinking, stricken wretch,
Poured out his inmost soul!

I would not for the wealth of worlds
See such a sight again,
Lest all the horror of that night
Should burn into my brain.
To stand, with neither land nor sail
Within my straining eye,
And see some twenty score in life
Preparing them to die.

So soon the minutes fled away
They seconds seemed to be,
Before our ship and living freight
Went down beneath the sea.
Down, down, full forty fathom deep,
With prayer upon my tongue,
My hope a shred of splintered spar,
To which I madly clung.

The next I knew the moon shone down
Upon a shipless sea,
Where scores and scores of drowning men
Called hopelessly to me.
The wind blew fresh toward the shore,
And curled the silver wave;
The wind that wafted me to life
Lapped many a deep-sea grave.

I stood alone upon the beach,
As broke the morning's gray,
And watched with frozen heart the specks
That floated far away;
And while I prayed for those afar,
Beneath God's awful frown,
I prayed that I should never see
Another ship go down.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

THE SLAUGHTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

ON the night of Friday, 7th instant, on Lake Michigan, off Winetka, the steamer *Lady Elgin*, with about 350 human beings on board, was run into by the schooner *Augusta*, and sunk, with over 300 of her living freight. The event appalls by its suddenness and the enormous sacrifice of life. Among those who perished were some of the best men of Milwaukee and other Western cities, and a gentleman who can ill be spared from the world of letters and art—Herbert Ingram, the proprietor and editor of the *London Illustrated News*.

When the first shock caused by so appalling a catastrophe has been overcome, and the mind seeks soberly to trace out the details of the accident, horror gives way to amazement and indignation.

At the time of the collision the *Lady Elgin* was steaming northward, against the wind, which was blowing very freshly. The *Augusta* was sailing south by east, under all sail except the gaff topsail. The night was stormy; it was raining, but *it was not very dark*. The steamer had all her lights set; the schooner had none. Just half an hour before the collision the second mate of the *Augusta*, whose watch it was, saw the steamer's lights, and watched them. Ten minutes afterward he called the captain, who went forward, examined the steamer's lights, but gave no order. Thus these two vessels rapidly rushed toward each other and to destruction, the crew of the schooner actually gazing for twenty minutes on the vessel which they were about to sink. The steamer's officers were of course unconscious of their danger; though the night was not very dark, it was dark enough to prevent the schooner, without lights, being seen from the deck of the steamer five minutes after the collision. Though the rule is that vessels going northward should pass vessels steering south on the larboard side, the captain of the *Augusta* seems to have been bent on passing to starboard of the *Lady Elgin*; and, with the full view of the steamer before him, it was not till within three to five minutes of the collision that he ordered his helm "hard up." Some of the witnesses think that the steersman, instead of obeying the order, put his helm "hard down." The first mate states that the *Augusta* steered so badly that she would not answer her helm on such short notice. At any rate, the fact is that she did not bring up, as she should have done, but came straight on to the steamer—larboard side—striking her at an angle which is variously stated at 45 to 90 degrees, and knocking a hole in her side which caused her to sink in a very few minutes.

These are the facts, as we gather them from the evidence taken before the coroner's inquest. It is hardly necessary to point more directly at the conclusion to which they tend. We hope, however, that the Milwaukee jury will do their duty. It is certain that the steamer could not have saved herself; it is equally certain that the collision might have been avoided had the schooner altered her course five, ten, or fifteen minutes sooner, or obeyed the law and passed the steamer on the larboard side.

It is very important that these circumstances should be duly considered. When a shipwreck takes place the public generally devote attention to the circumstances of life-boats, small boats, life-preservers, and the like, and neglect the great consideration of the original cause of the accident. Experience however proves that, when a large vessel is lost, boats and life-preservers are seldom of much use. It takes so much time to get boats ready for service, and in the excitement of the moment they are so often damaged or swamped, that they generally prove a very sorry reliance. As to life-preservers, the *Lady Elgin* had plenty of them, yet lost over 300 souls.

The true way to avoid accidents is to insist on better navigation on the part of men who have charge of sea, river, and lake craft. So long as men are allowed to command vessels who will not obey laws, and who are too stupid to avoid running into a vessel which they see for half an hour before they strike her, the long list of slaughters by sea and flood can not be considered closed.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

THE Homeric combat between Heenan and Sayers set all our youth a-dreaming about physical training. We pointed out, at the time, that pugilism was very far from being the best or a good exercise for the body, and that other gymnastic sports were far better calculated to develop the muscles, and promote health and strength. The subject appears latterly to have attracted general attention, and others have come to the same conclusion as ourselves. Dr. Winship, the strong New Englander, who carries a barrel of flour by way of light weight, and lifts half a ton in his hands, has entered the arena as a champion of the dumb-bells. Forty minutes a day, spent in active dumb-bell exercise, will, in his opinion, make any man strong, and in many cases will cure him of disease.

The subject is well worth study. For years men of thought and experience have united in declaring that physical education was the one thing needed for the American people. They all say that our people are naturally equal to any other on the face of the globe, but that, from neglect of muscular development, our race is deteriorating, especially in the large cities. No one who compares the young men of New York and Boston with foreigners of the same age can deny the truth of the statement.

The remedy is obvious. Dr. Winship says, use the dumb-bells for forty minutes a day. Others recommend other physical exercises. Foot-ball, base-ball, cricket, rowing, foot-races, wrestling, all are calculated to produce the end desired. Young men are generally ready enough to devote time to these pursuits. But the difficulty is that neither schoolmasters nor employers give them much countenance. The typical schoolmaster regards athletic games as disorders—to be tolerated during play-hours under tacit protest, but by no means to be encouraged. The merchant hears with horror of his clerk devoting time, during business hours, to any thing but the business of the office. All this must be altered if we want to render physical education general and popular.

Schools must encourage bodily as well as mental development. Employers must not grudge half an hour a day for the health of their employés. Fathers must see to it that their children become proficients in such boyish games as acquire strength and agility. When this is the case, we may believe that the physical education of our people has begun. But not till then.

THE COMMISSARIAT AT WEST POINT.

WE are gratified to learn that the officer commanding at West Point has acted upon the hints thrown out in this journal a few weeks since, and instituted a thorough investigation of the mess arrangements of the cadets with a view to the reform of the abuses which we pointed out. A few days since our contemporary the *World* announced that the investigation was in progress; now a correspondent of the *Times* informs us that the abuses which we pointed out have been cured. We are very glad to hear it; though the evidence of the *Times* correspondent would have been more valuable had he shown more concern for the cadets, and less zeal for the reputation of the West Point managers. He has allowed himself to be deceived on some minor points. Let us hope, however, that in the main his statements with regard to the food of the cadets under the new régime are correct.

The officers in charge of the West Point Academy bear a responsibility which can not be exaggerated. To them are committed the health and future hopes of the flower of the American youth. It is in their power to convert the young men under their charge into vigorous, manly, able men—fit compeers for the best scholars of Oxford or Paris or Berlin or Vienna; or to dwarf their bodies, distort their intellects, and destroy their hopes of repaying their country for what she has done for them. And though some may consider it almost vulgar to take thought about such matters as fish, and eggs, and butter, and hash, in preference to such sublime topics as military engineering, and conic sections, and the Spanish language, we can answer for it that the one is as important as the other, and that boys who are badly fed will never become great scholars. It is as easy to destroy a boy's future usefulness by feeding him badly as by teaching him badly. Let the West Point managers remember this, and let us hear no more about rancid butter, stale fish, and objectionable hash.

THE LOUNGER.

THE WEEK.

IT has been a week of unusual interest. The Prince of Wales seems to have escaped any serious difficulty among the Orangemen in Canada, which is very fortunate when we remember that no quarrels are so fierce and unrelenting as religious quarrels. It was pleasant to observe the British pluck of the Duke of Newcastle when the mob threatened him and the Governor-General as they were walking about the city. The sergeant of police offered to protect them, but the Duke told him to go away, that he was not afraid of mobs. There was something of the hauteur of the old French marquis in the remark; but coming from an Englishman, it meant pluck. Mr. Jenkins, the court historiographer, describes the Toronto celebration and decoration as the most sublime spectacle of the kind the world has ever witnessed—or was it only this continent? Mr. Jenkins evinces a sublimity of daring in the statement, for he would seem to have used up the brightest pigments upon his pallet in a single sketch. Let us hope it was only a hardihood based upon conscious fertility of superlatives, and believe—as the Lounger for one firmly does—that he will be entirely equal to our own great ball.

MR. HOWE has secured a renewal of his patent. As he confesses to the receipt of half a million of dollars already, it is fair to presume that he has been amply paid. Why such an inordinate reward should be allowed him for his invention does not appear. A patent right is simply a premium upon invention granted by society. Society must therefore be the judge of its value, with a due regard to the interests of all. No man has a perpetual and natural claim upon a favor; and when he has been profusely paid for his commodity, whatever it may be, he has no right to look injured because he is not overpaid. In this particular case the tax falls upon the most laborious class—that of women-sewers, and public sympathy is therefore the more interested. Of course nobody is surprised that a person in the receipt of a fortune, monthly, from an invention, should seek to perpetuate his income. Of course every body would be surprised if a man worth a million were not anxious to be worth two millions. Certainly nothing *could* so surprise Christendom as a little practical Christianity, and an acknowledgment that we have *not* a right to all we can get.

THE loss of the *Lady Elgin* is one of those frightful disasters which have become periodical. "The laws of disorder" are being rapidly determined. When a few months elapse without some terrible accident the public mind becomes apprehensive, like a sensitive person in a time of sultry weather. He is looking for the thunder-burst, and feels it in the air. So the public mind involuntarily prophesies misfortune when accidents are rare. There is no satisfactory explanation of the collision upon Lake Michigan. It is a question in which the whole country is interested, and will be brought to trial by a suit of the owners of the *Lady Elgin* against the schooner *Augusta*. With ordinary care, and, except in unusual circumstances, a collision should be impossible. In ninety-nine cases out of the hundred it is, on water as on land, the consequence of carelessness. How many people in carriages are every year run over at railroad crossings by the trains; and how many of them rein up to a dead halt and listen carefully for any sound of the cars? How often, on the other hand, the train dashes across lonely country roads without a sound from the bell or whistle! Our legislation which looks to the preservation of life is fragmentary and inadequate. Government is bound to regard, first of all, and in every detail, the protection of the inalienable rights of every man—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is not necessary that there should be a railroad between New York and Philadelphia, for instance, until every possible precaution is taken for safety. If it can not pay *with* those precautions, it should be prohibited from paying *without* them. Let us hope that the new President of the Illinois Central will distinguish himself by his policy of absolute safety to travelers, and then if there be any thing left for the stockholders, so much the better for them.

AMONG the victims of the *Lady Elgin* was Herbert Ingram, the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*—the great pioneer of the pictorial papers. *Harper's Weekly*, in common with the others, offers a natural homage to his memory. An illustrated paper of the higher kind is a literal picture of the times. It makes famous men, places, events, and descriptions familiar and actual to the memory. It is the most charming of weekly visitors, from the variety of the pleasure it affords. Every reader of the *News* knows that it was not a cheap picture-book, but that its wood-cuts illustrate the contemporary condition of the art, besides making us acquainted with their subjects, and that its literary summary and comments upon current life are valuable and interesting. The price of the paper is beyond that which we, in this country, choose to pay for such a periodical, and it is too exclusively English, in many ways, to be of interest to us. But the project of an illustrated paper, which will be and has been modified to the taste and demands of all countries, will always be honorably associated with the name of Herbert Ingram.

THE singing birds are trooping back to their perch in Irving Place. The nightingale Patti has been warbling for a few evenings more sweetly than ever. But the audience of September is different from that of January. Wandering Cubans, and Southerners loitering homeward from the sea-shore, and lingering in the Western Paradise of fashion and gayety, fill the pretty house, and applaud the tender tenor. How charming the brief, intense reign of a *primo tenore!* If he be a handsome man, like Mario, and a Count, what can surpass his complacent superiority and bland disdain! How evidently he regards women as a candle contemplates moths! "Yes, pretty insects," he seems to say, "I can not help being bright and beautiful; I can not help singeing your poor little wings; and you, O winged nothings! can not help being singed. Fly on, flutterlings, and cheer yourselves in my light! But if you fall, blame not me." How the candle comes on, regardless of grace, of facial expression, of dramatic probabilities. "I am candle Number One: my business is to shine and singe. *Allons!*" He is never the character: he is always the candle; and, oh woe! when he burns down!

"GENTLEMAN GEORGE" has burned down, and out. Familiar to two or three generations of play-goers; the fine gentleman of the old comedy; a player who preserved the traditions of the days of Charles Lamb and Hazlitt—upon him also the curtain has fallen, and Barrett is gone! Even those who never saw him upon the stage may remember a tall, grave, gray-haired man, not without a latent pensiveness in his face, walking on Broadway. He was not a great actor, but he was always a favorite. He belonged strictly to the conventional English school; but neither that school, nor any other theatrical style, has ever rooted itself permanently among us: and it was that consciousness, perhaps, which gave him a little feeling of outlawry, and fostered the gravity of his aspect. Why is it that there is something so peculiarly sad in the old age and decay of an actor? Some of the most touching sketches of our day in periodicals have been glimpses of the private life of public performers. "The Old Player's Story," in a late number of the *Weekly*, was one of them. The point seems to lie in the contrast of the actual wretchedness and sorrow of a man or woman who is at the very moment to personate a person of airy gayety and utter content. Is there any thing more piteous than the harlequin in his clown's costume leaping with a light jest out of the arena to hold the head of his dying wife or child? What a peculiar regret attended Burton's death! Did it not arise from his identification with characters which are purely amusing and immortal in their way? Toodles does not die—but was not Burton Toodles?

THE *Great Eastern* will be back again before the Presidential election. She made a very short, if not the shortest, passage home to Milford Haven, and leaves upon the 17th October. Her whole career having been a miracle of mismanagement, perhaps—through the lessons of experience and a change of directors—we shall yet see her emerge as a useful and paying enterprise. She certainly paid while she was in New York, and she seems to be manageable and swift. She may yet serve En-

gland at a pinch in the sudden transport of large bodies of troops. If she is to be exhibited here again, however, it would be wise in the consignees to insist that she shall be placed entirely in the hands of native managers. John Bull has not the least comprehension of his cousin. When his Excellency Yankee Doodle dines with Lord Mayor Bull at Guildhall, he puts his hand on his heart and says, "What a bond of union is a common language!" and when Lord Bull, her Majesty's Embassador at Washington, dines with the St. George's Society in New York, he eloquently and truly says that "Shakespeare be-be-be-be-longs to b-b-b-b-oth the great na-na-na-tions." But a practical knowledge of each other does not belong to the nations.

THAT ridiculous rascal and gray-eyed man of destiny, Mr. William Walker, has been sent out of Truxillo, in Honduras, by the order of a British commander. Why he is not caught and punished is one of the political mysteries. He is the chartered libertine of the Gulf, and if some of the States which he so absurdly invades—yet not without great suffering to other people—should hang him out of hand, there is nobody who would think him ill-used. Mr. William Walker seems to be amusingly destitute of every quality essential to a leader. He has neither common sense, nor the power of attaching men to his fortunes, nor the least military skill, nor the slightest civil capacity. A man of ordinary talent would have reconstructed Nicaragua. But he maintained a short hold there by the basest conduct, and was then kicked out. And yet Mr. William Walker has just as much claim to consideration and sympathy to-day as he had four or five years ago, when large meetings were held in New York to send aid to him. Mr. William Walker in Truxillo is exactly the Mr. William Walker of Granada, in Nicaragua, for whom the present Secretary of State telegraphed his sympathy. Cold and cruel, if the man is not crazy, he is utterly criminal.

THE monument to Commodore Perry, of which an illustration was published in the *Weekly* of September 8, has been inaugurated with as much attention and enthusiasm as any event can command in the mid-summer fury of a Presidential canvass. The historian Bancroft was the orator, and his discourse has a comprehensive and brilliant brevity which should create an era in the history of such occasions. He speaks very plainly and very strongly of the Northwest boundary difference with Great Britain, and declares that "the men who honor the memory of Perry will always know how to defend the domain of their country." To the point of the present political crisis the orator says: "Has any foreign ruler been so foolish as to listen with credulity to the tales of impending disunion?....Our little domestic strifes are no more than momentary disturbances on the surface, easily settled among ourselves." The whole discourse is distinguished by that incisive, ringing rhetoric which marks all Mr. Bancroft's public addresses, with that compact clearness of statement in which such orations are usually entirely deficient. The State of Rhode Island was peculiarly interested in the celebration, and honorably represented by the Governor of the State, the Bishop of the Episcopal diocese, the Mayor of the city of Providence, the Secretary of State, Dr. Usher Parsons, one of the four survivors of the battle, an honored citizen of Providence, and the First Light Infantry Company, composed of representative men of the same city, and a *corps* which might be called by a poet not particular in the novelty of his metaphors, the Seventh Regiment of New England. The State of Rhode Island is a very small State, but there are three names in her history of which her sons are proud: Roger Williams, William Ellery Channing, and Oliver Hazard Perry.

A PRACTICAL POET.

GARIBALDI continues his triumphal career, and seems to make no mistake. Naples is in full terror. The nobility are flying upon all sides; and the King has packed up his jewels and his trunks. A soldier of the National Guard, when the alarm was given that the Liberator was at hand, escaped to a French ship. The officers of the royal army themselves are apparently only waiting to be quite sure that Garibaldi is the man of the future to offer him their swords and service. The mean, ignorant, superstitious dynasty of the Bourbons in Naples has at last rotted out. One of the loveliest regions of the world—one of the largest cities and sea-ports—graced with all charms of climate, soil, and situation—it has been blighted and suppressed until it is even now doubtful whether the hand of the Liberator will be powerful enough to make it walk alone.

The King of Sardinia can not much longer withhold his open sympathy from Naples. When a ruler like the tyrant of Naples so plainly confesses his crimes as to get ready to run the moment an independent leader lands upon his shores, his government has terminated by its own limitation. Here is a beautiful province of Italy without a regular government. It desires to attach itself to an Italian kingdom, which is regarded as the virtual head of the Italian nation. What Power can seriously interfere? Austria will not dare. England does not wish to. France is the ally of Sardinia. Prussia stays at home of late years. Russia will not move alone. There seems to be little reason to doubt that by any steamer we may hear of Garibaldi in Naples, and of the union of Northern and Southern Italy.

There remain, then, only the Pope and Venice. Garibaldi at the head of Italy, with Victor Emanuel, will free Venice. The recognition of nationalities is too strong at this day for Prussia to help Austria retain her. Prussia has no interest that Austria should occupy Venice. Her interest is that Austria should be strong so long as Austria is her natural ally against France. But Austria is stronger without Venice than with her. In case of a European war, Austria loses just in the degree of the strength necessary to hold Venice. Once securely in Naples, the inevitable next step of Garibaldi is to Venice.

The Roman question is virtually settled by the perfectly evident fact that Louis Napoleon does not wish the Pope to govern a considerable province. The Papal Patrimony is hereafter inevitably a *point d'appui* against France. France also is stronger with a single first-rate Italian Power than with a group of provinces in which the Bourbons will always play treacherous games. It will appear in history that Louis Napoleon, having pacified France, united Italy. Such a policy does not weaken a "ruler's" power nor injure his reputation.

As for Garibaldi, he is as pure and unselfish as Washington. He is by far the most illustrious character of the time. Such a man in France in 1848 would have founded and maintained the Republic with a Napoleonic enthusiasm. At this day the prestige of such a man in France would have destroyed the Napoleonic enthusiasm. He is as romantic and picturesque a hero as any in Tasso. I know a gentleman who knew him well in Central America, and who recalls the long summer nights passed upon deck in the Gulf, while Garibaldi repeated whole plays of Alfieri.

AFRICAN TRAVEL.

IT is going hard with the sources of the Nile. They can not hide themselves much longer. Every year the unexplored area becomes smaller; and before the century is ended the question of ages will doubtless be answered, and the vague, old tradition which Herodotus reported may, after all, turn out to be true.

Of late years Africa has been invaded by travelers upon every side. Dr. Livingstone's book is one of the great book successes of the time, both from its simple narration and the essential interest of the subject. Dr. Barth's long work, with its profuse and curious illustrations, has appealed to the same interest, and teems with detailed information. Dr. Krapf's is much briefer, but deals with the same magic attraction. Lieutenant Speke, who, with Captain Burton, penetrated Eastern Africa from Zanzibar, has written an interesting story of his travels, which was published in *Blackwood;* and now Burton's book, full of entertaining adventure and interesting discovery, is almost ready.

But among all the works of African travel none has more claims upon a wide popular success than the one now in course of active preparation by Mr. Du Chaillu, the conqueror of the gorilla, whose unique collection was exhibited several months since. Mr. Du Chaillu is an original explorer. He went where white men have never before penetrated. He was familiar with tribes beyond even the report of civilization; and his work will be a treasury of knowledge. His collections and sketches are so ample that the illustrations will vivify the story, so that, quietly reclining upon summer sofas, we too shall be African explorers. The old charm of mystery, which hangs like a cloud over the dusky continent, is not yet dissolved. The equator and the pole are the two points of deepest romantic interest. When they are laid open to the clear light of common knowledge, a charm will pass from travel and its story which no genius can restore.

NEW GLIMPSES OF IRVING.

IN the Autobiographical Recollections of Leslie the painter, one of the most pleasant gossiping books of literary and artistic men and matters in England, there are several letters and anecdotes of Washington Irving at the time when he was making his reputation. In the summer of 1821 Leslie and Irving mounted the top of an Oxford stage-coach in London and bowled away into the lovely English country. It was toward evening when they left, and the moon was full, and shone upon the reapers in the fields. It was eleven o'clock when they reached Oxford, and it is easy to see how the mind of Irving must have been peculiarly stimulated by such a scene.

The next day was a wet Sunday at Oxford. All day the travelers moped in the inn. The following morning, as they mounted the coach, Leslie said something about *a stout gentleman* who had come with them from London on Saturday. Irving said it was a capital title for a story, and as soon as the coach stopped, and whenever it stopped, out came his pencil and he wrote vigorously. They stopped at Stratford and elsewhere, and while Leslie sketched Irving seated himself upon a stile or a stone, writing with the greatest rapidity, laughing to himself from time to time, and occasionally reading the manuscript to Leslie. They went to Warwick and Kenilworth, and when they reached Birmingham the outline of "The Stout Gentleman" was completed. The picture of the inn-yard on a rainy day was taken from an inn at Derby where they were caught by the weather.

The lives of these young men, Irving, Leslie, and Stuart Newton, were, at that time, hopeful and joyous. They had just tasted their coming fame. They had youth, ambition, opportunity, and success, upon their side; and the glimpses the reader gets of the pleasant picture are such as he likes to remember. Leslie, indeed, was so simple and pure and affectionate a soul that his record of his reminiscences is full of sweetness. The gay Stuart Newton dashes across the page with the brilliant effect of his own color. The impression of a wayward genius is produced you scarcely know how. Irving is the same as we have all known him—only younger, full of care for his fame, and enjoyment of it, the few letters showing how charming his biography will be.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A. S. MOKER writes from New Orleans a recipe for purifying a meerschaum of the oil of tobacco. He says that you must get a pint-bottle with a mouth large enough to admit the pipe, which must be covered with sulphuric ether and stopped tight to prevent evaporation, "allow it to stand for six days, renewing the ether every forty-eight hours. This substance permeates the pores and dissolves all the oil, but leaves a thin coating of a light-brown color. Next take equal parts of chlorid of soda and water, in which the pipe must remain at least six hours. It is then to be taken out and dried in the sun, and then 'Heaven's last best gift to man,' the ever-soothing meerschaum, will be itself again."

A. S. M. claims that by this process a pipe may be discolored at the pleasure of the smoker, thereby constantly renewing to him the opportunity of coloring it again.

—Let all poets judge what a ruthless Lounger it must be who, after such a kind, graceful, honeyed greeting as this, shuts his page to the poetry that follows. But SANS SOUCI knows how often a visitor makes a graceful bow, and then—?

"My dear Mr. Lounger, say, shall I intrude,
And will you pronounce me excessively rude,
If I with the door of your sanctum make free,
And enter, *sans knocking, sans ceremonie?*
* * * * * * *
"Adieu! I can trust thee, thou truest and best,
And fairest of critics by poets possessed;
Thou kindest of friends to young scribblers like me;
Thou wilt *only be just* to—LA PAUVRE SAN SOUCI."

Justice, if you trust the judge, is sometimes *so* hard!

—F. If a man says that he could not reach a place until a certain hour, "when the crowd would have gone," he means evidently, and he says grammatically, that the crowd would have been there at a previous hour. Isn't that clear enough?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—We read an account, lately, of a new method of "raising the wind," which takes down any thing in the diddling line we have heard of for some time. A female called lately on a lady of some influence, and told a sad and plaintive story of suffering and privation, and, moreover, that her husband had just died, and that she lacked the means of a decent burial. Her tale of woe so wrought upon the lady that she proceeded to visit her immediately, to satisfy herself there was no imposture. On entering the apartment she beheld the coffin, and was satisfied all was right; and not wishing to harrow the feelings of the bereaved woman, she left her a considerable sum of money, and immediately departed. After passing two or three blocks from the dwelling, thinking all the way of the strange complexions to which we are liable, she missed her pocket-handkerchief, and returned to see if she had not dropped it in the house. The stairs were ascended hastily, and the room entered without much ceremony, when what did she behold?—*the woman's husband sitting up in the coffin counting over the money!*

When Sir John Carr was at Glasgow in the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, then just completed. The knight recommended this brief record—"Glasgow to Nelson."

"True," said the bailies; "and as there is the town of Nelson near us, we might add—'Glasgow to Nelson nine miles,' so that the column might serve for a mile-stone and a monument."

The death of Mr. Johnstone is recorded in the public prints, at the advanced age of ninety-six. More than sixty years ago this gentleman sat in the House of Commons, for a short time, as M.P. for the borough of Sandwich. A laughable anecdote was told of him at the commencement of the present century. On his first taking his seat in the House, he was said to have formed a "maiden" speech, in the course of which he expected to rival Demosthenes; but it so happened that, though the speech was transferred from his *head* to the lining of his *hat*, yet the perspicuity of utterance fled. He rose, essayed to speak, but in vain; and he reseated himself in silent dismay, without articulating a word. The members of the Eccentrics' Club, of which Mark Supple was the chairman, taking advantage of this, his unfortunate failure, caused papers to be printed, circulated, and, as was then the fashion in London, cried through the streets of Westminster and the City, on the top of which appeared in large type, "The Maiden Speech of James Johnstone, Esq., M.P. for Sandwich, as delivered yesterday in Parliament." The rest of the paper was *blank;* and scarcely had the members returned to their respective homes before the squib was cried in all the principal streets of the metropolis. The lady of the hon. gent. heard the outcry as she sat at her window in Great George Street, and exulting in the consequence and popularity of her husband, instantly called for her footman, and desired he would purchase some of the papers of the poor man in the street. He having obeyed her commands, immediately presented them to the lady, who, on viewing the *blank* paper, exclaimed, with great violence,

"Why, Richard, you are a fool; you have brought *nothing!*"

"No, my lady," dryly replied the servant; "it is my master, for he said *nothing.*"

A young lady, irritated because a gentleman would not agree with her on some matter, lost her temper, and irritably exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. A——, you have only two ideas in your head."—"You are right," replied the gentleman; "I have only two ideas, and one of them is that you do not know how to behave yourself."

THEATRICAL.—A young Thespian was once intrusted to deliver the following message to Lord Randolph in the play: "My Lord, the banquet waits." But having lost the run of the sentence, he called out amidst the roars of the audience, "Mr. Randolph, your supper has been ready for some time!"

An Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied, "Oh, me preach."—"Preach!" said a by-stander; "what do you get paid for it?"—"Sometimes me get shillin', sometimes two shillin'."—"And isn't that mighty poor pay?"—"Oh, yes, but it's mighty poor preaching."

Gradual repentance is like a man who wants to be taken out of a burning building, but who says to those about him, "Now don't take me out too suddenly; take me down first to a room where it is not so hot as it is here; and then to another room, where there is still less heat, and so take me out gradually." Why, the man would be a cinder before you got him out. A man who wants to reform should reform at once.

During the last war a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly until he saw a stout Briton coming up the vessel by a rope that hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship, and remarked, "Friend, if thee wants that rope, thee may have it!" When, suiting the action to the words, he cut the rope, and down went the poor fellow to a deep and watery grave.

An actor, eulogizing his mistress one day, indicated, by his manner, a somewhat awkward position of the heart. He went on thus: "The angel! I have her picture here—I always wear it next my heart." And here he produced the precious daguerreotype, not from his bosom, but from a pocket in the tail of his coat.

An admirer of dogs having had a new litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him to put him down for a *puppy!* "I set you down for one a great while ago," was the answer.

Even a pig upon the spit may console himself: things will take a turn.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR INTELLIGENT MUSICIANS.

May not a bar of very exultant music be called a crow-bar?

In what bank are the eight notes you talk of raising?

Is an air called a "strain" on account of the labor of performing it?

Can you do a good turn in a natural way?

Is not the influence of flats rather depressing in hot weather?

Is there necessarily any thing green about a pastoral symphony?

Are agricultural youths partial to the hautboy?

Can a French horn intoxicate?

Could you open a musical entertainment without the key?

There may be seen at the present time, in Alfreton, a placard from a tailor, who, in calling the attention of the public to the fact that he intends commencing a clothes club, assures all who may favor him by becoming members, of having "good charges and a very moderate article."

"You are from the country, are you not, Sir?" said a dandy young bookseller to a homely-dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble.

"Yea."

"Well, here's an 'Essay on the Rearing of Calves.'"

"That," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee had better present to thy mother."

The Marquis de Favieres, a great borrower and a notoriously bad paymaster, called on Samuel Bernard, the great financier, one morning, and said: "Sir, I am going to astonish you; I am the Marquis de Favieres; I do not know you, and I come to borrow five hundred louis of you."

"Sir," replied Bernard, "I am going to astonish you yet more; I know you, and yet I am going to lend them to you."

Oftentimes the "fastest" young women are the most easily overtaken by the galloping consumption.

"Johnny, how many seasons are there?"

"Six: spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera, and 'Thomson's Seasons.'"

The earth's inhabitants need not be always grave, but it would be a terrible thing if the earth herself were to lose her gravity.

Young Dawkins married a lady for her money, but can not touch it till she dies, and he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her "unjustifiable longevity." The other day Mrs. Dawkins, finding herself ill, sent for a doctor, and declared her belief that she was poisoned, and that Dawkins had done it. "I didn't do it," shouted Dawkins; it's all gammon—she isn't poisoned! Prove it, doctor; open her upon the spot—I'm willing."

At a late ball in Paris a very stout gentleman, proprietor of a bad catarrh and a very charming wife, insisted, very inconveniently at the close of a polka, that Madame should return to the bosom of her family. "Never mind," she said to her partner; "ask me to dance in the next quadrille all the same, I will find a way to stay for it." Slipping out while the sets were forming, she went into the gentlemen's dressing-room, found her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window. Then returning, and requesting her spouse to first find his hat and call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be found.

Fish, at least, if no other animals, have cause to believe that it is a bad practice to think of rising in life upon somebody else's hook.

There is a young lady so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

A notable lady (of Edinburgh, I suppose) had long been annoyed and fretted by her own town servants, and being no longer able to bear their manifold tricks and malpractices, she intimated to her friends her purpose of getting an unsophisticated girl from the country, whom she could train to her mind; and she was fortunate enough in securing a young woman from a remote corner in the land, and thoroughly recommended for activity, honesty, and good-nature. How the process of training went on you may judge from the following specimen. The girl having seen something very wonderful going on in the street, in a tone of "unsophisticated" familiarity, called to her mistress:

"Eh, woman! come here and see this."

"Woman! Do you presume to call me woman?"

"Ay! if ye are no a woman, what are ye? Are ye a speerit?"

"What's Jografy, Bill?"

"It's a-tellin' of forrin lands that we know nothin' about by 'cute chaps that's never seen 'em."

Bill got a Government situation.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch, and a good deal harder to hold.

Unquestionably if a man means well the more he means the better.

Put your money into a box if you like, but not a dice-box.

Light wine is but the ghost of wine—it has no body to it.

Some men admire woman as she is; a good many more as she isn't.

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself, was asked what motive he could have in doing so. He replied that he had two good and substantial reasons. "In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; in the next place, he liked to hear a sensible man talk."

At what time of day was Adam created?—A little before Eve.

Why is a man climbing up Mount Vesuvius like an Irishman who wishes to kiss his sweet-heart?—Because he wants to get at the mouth of the "cratur."

"Madam, you never confess yourself in the wrong."—"No, Sir; but if I had ever been in the wrong, I am sure I should have taken great pleasure in acknowledging it."

A glass of soda-water was offered to a country lad, who rejected it with the greatest indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water biling hot?"

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's scent to me," replied the other.

"Is that sage cheese of a reflective turn?" asked Dr. Spooner of the provision dealer. "No, Sir; not a mite," was the reply.

"Don't you mean to marry, my dear Sir?"

"No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the ribs I've got than take another."

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

The women must think that we men are great robbers; we are all the while going about robbing them of their very names.

COLUMBIA MAKING HER TOILET TO RECEIVE THE PRINCE.

ODE TO H. R. H.

OH! Albert Edward, many-titled Guelph,
Lord Renfrew, otherwise the Prince of Wales,
Or whatsoever else you call yourself—
Your glorious advent each New Yorker hails;
All other things are laid upon the shelf,
For you nor loyalty nor homage fails—
Of Hanover's illustrious house young scion,
The old, established, genuine British lion!

We stanch republicans do "love a lord,"
And catch the modes of courtly salutation
As readily as any common word
For civil or for military station;
"Sir Robert" or "your Grace" do but accord
With "Captain," "Colonel" of our Yankee nation;
And we can say, without a touch of shyness,
Either "your Lordship" or "your Royal 'ighness."

And so we shall not lack in proper phrase
Wherewith to recognize a prince so great;
For unto one so worthy of all praise
To bow has never been our happy fate—
Monarch at once of all that he surveys,
Expectancy and rose of the fair state—
Though many a royal "party" heretofore
Has glorified Columbia's blessèd shore.

Poor Louis Philippe once taught Telemaque
To little Jersey scholars, *fille et fils;*
Napoleon Trois lived in "a two-pair-back"
In Gotham here, before Savoy and Nice
Had entered his imperial brain, alack!
But then they hadn't half a crown apiece;
And Joinville, pensive, melancholy, slow,
Went through the country just three months ago.

But one who has a title to a throne
Proudest of all—we say it without flattery—
So glad a day New York has never known
As that which lands him safely on the Battery:
Were he but heir *presumptive*, let us own,
To this inheritance, for such a matter, he
Would find a thousand beauteous creatures willing
To make him heir *a-parent* for a shilling.

Oh sweet young Prince! indeed I mean no harm,
And plead for liberal speech the poet's charter;
As for the fair ones that around you swarm,
Why *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—the Garter
Is for your modesty a potent charm:
But they will give, just as they ask, no quarter;
And I would kindly warn you that you have a new
Peril on every square of the Fifth Avenue.

You are not quite so handsome as your pictures,
Nor as your late grand-uncle, George the Fourth,
On whom Tom Moore and Byron wrote some strictures;
But even photographs may flatter worth
And majesty; and artists thus have tricked yours
In all the Saxon beauty of the North;
But mark the caution this wise rule evinces—
Put not your trust in any prints of Princes.

Still you are young, good-looking—for the rest,
'Tis written that "thou shalt be King hereafter."
(A letter-writer says you're badly dressed,
And that your pantaloons provoke to laughter.)
Then let us in your welcome try our best,
Throw wide from basement to the topmost rafter
Our houses open, and our pockets too,
Which means our hearts, and more we could not do.

Right gladly for your service might we spare
Twenty palatial mansions all complete,
Gas, water, speaking-tubes, a porte-cochère,
Billiards, and Gobelin carpets, and a suite
Of chambers frescoed with devices rare:
Guido's auroral steeds—they can't be beat,
Save by the pair that in the stable shine,
Which do their mile in just 2.39.

For reasons, some of which do not appear,
Would we thus minister to your delight:
'Twould give the house a princely souvenir
—And two great nations lovingly unite;
And then, you know, our family, next year,
Might come and see you on the Isle of Wight;
Besides, it would be perfectly ridiculous
To lodge you at the Everett or St. Nicholas.

Alas! the cruel Duke rejects our prayer,
And says the Prince of Wales his bills will pay
Like common people; so that now the Mayor
Will have your Royal Highness all the day—
A vile monopoly, we must declare;
And yet the Duke stands, as the lawyers say,
In loco matris—for mamma, the Queen;
His word is final, and it's "all serene."

But then we'll give you just the finest ball
At the Academy—oh, such a lark!
Show you the firemen and "the Seventh"—all
The thousand objects we can boast of mark,
The "Aqueduct"—so spelled upon the wall.
Do praise the ride along the Central Park—
A public hobby, which much more we dote on
Than engines, soldiers, or the crystal Croton.

Another favor, if I might be bolder,
Of you, O Prince! I humbly would implore—
Don't hit a shoulder-hitter on the shoulder,
And bid him rise Sir Something from the floor;
Don't make a knight of b'hoy or bottle-holder,
Because he is an Alderman, galore!
And why? Indeed, we think the class just cited
Already quite sufficiently benighted.

And now, illustrious Prince, Hail and Farewell!
May all your aims be high, each strong endeavor
Of real majesty and merit tell;
May England prosper 'neath your rule, and never
One jot or tittle of her freedom sell:
You would not have me drink "the *Prince* forever!"
But I will pledge, what laureates well may sing,
Long flourish Albert Edward, Prince or King!

REV. W. WOOD STAMP.

THE portrait on the following page is that of the newly-elected President of the Wesleyan Methodist Society of England for 1860–'61, the Rev. William Wood Stamp. Mr. Stamp is a native of Bradford, Yorkshire, where his father was for some time a Wesleyan minister: he was born in 1801, and is consequently at the present time 59 years of age. He was educated at Woodhouse Grove School, of which institution his father was at the time principal, and on reaching manhood decided to become a minister. The first scene of his labors was a small room near Lincoln's Inn, London, where, as he humorously describes it, he used to preach to "six old women and a mangle:" but his abilities soon led to his preferment to stations of higher importance. It was soon discovered by the leaders of the British Methodists that Mr. Stamp possessed that rare gift among preachers, business ability and financial tact. The discovery made, Mr. Stamp was employed in various business negotiations where the property of the Church was concerned, and acquitted himself so ably in all of them that his fitness for the high post he now occupies was universally conceded. Mr. Stamp has written some small works; some of his sermons have been published. They are like himself—sound, practical, and logical.

COLUMBIA'S WELCOME.

PRINCE. "To greet the Goddess Liberty I come!"
COLUMBIA. "Welcome, sweet Prince—then make yourself *to hum*."

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ABEIH.

We publish below a picture of the American College at Abeih, near Dheir-el-Kamar, in the Lebanon; the view also shows the house of the humane Sheik who saved the American missionaries from the Druses. Our countrymen have been some years settled in Lebanon, and have done a great deal of good by educating the children of the Syrians at their College. Children from Dheir-el-Kamar, Beledine, Abeih, and the vicinity, for miles round, enjoyed the benefit of their instruction. So high was the esteem in which they were held, that, when the Druses attacked the place, the Sheik, at considerable personal risk, went to the American College, collected the missionaries together, and escorted them to the sea-shore, from whence they were able to reach Beyrout without difficulty. The scene is one which will possess historic interest.

WHALES ASHORE.

On one occasion a large whale appeared off Weymouth, and was seen by several fishermen. The affair was talked over at night in the public-houses; and one of the company, who happened to have a new seine-net which he had never used, was much taunted about it, and he was dared to go and net *this* whale with his new net. At first he took it as a joke, but, under the influence of beer and the chaff of his comrades, he struck his hand on the table, and said: "Well, —— me, if I don't go and shoot the net after him, catch or no catch!" Accordingly, a sentry was posted, and the next morning the whale was signaled as being in the offing. So the owner of the new seine put it into the boat, and, rowing quietly along, shot the net round the unsuspicious whale. At last, Master Whale put his nose into the net, and feeling something strange, charged against it, dragging men, boats, and all along with him. He then plunged and dived, and, ultimately taking the new seine-net, rolled about his body, right away with him, in spite of all the fishermen could do. They looked after the whale, who had gone off with the net, much as an angler looks into the water when a fine fish has escaped from his hook; but, however, the whale was gone, and the would-be captors rowed home disconsolate and whaleless.

Some three or four days afterward, as a coast-guard was going his rounds in the dead of the night, he saw a huge black mass come rolling in with the tide; it looked like a wreck, yet it was not a wreck, for a wreck has not a tail wherewith to flop the water as the object had. The coast-guardsman waited till the tide turned, and as it went down, he got near to this strange object, which had got hard and fast among the rocks. He then saw that it was a whale, and, what was exceeding strange, the whale had a net entangled round about him in the most complicated manner. "First come, first served," said the coast-guardsman to himself, as he pulled out his knife and cut two great slashes in the whale's fat sides, during which operation the *whale kicked and evinced signs of life.* The finder then shut up his knife, and posted off with the news. Of course, as there was a net round the whale, his identity was established directly, and the owner of the net claimed the carcass, because his net had caught him; the coast-guardsman claimed it, because he had found him. Meanwhile, when the dispute was still going on, the lord of the manor put in his claim, as it was found between high and low water-mark; gained it, and took possession of the whale; cut him up, and boiled all the oil out of him, getting forty barrels—worth a lot of money—and there the matter ended.

Some weeks afterward, as the coast-guard was sitting on his "donkey"—the term applied to the portable stool used by these men—a respectable-looking gentleman walked up to him, and said: "My man, don't you recollect the whale that you found hereabouts some time since?"

"Yes, Sir," said the man; "it was me as found him."

"Well, now, can't you recollect whether, when you cut him—as they tell me you did—he kicked and winced under the knife?"

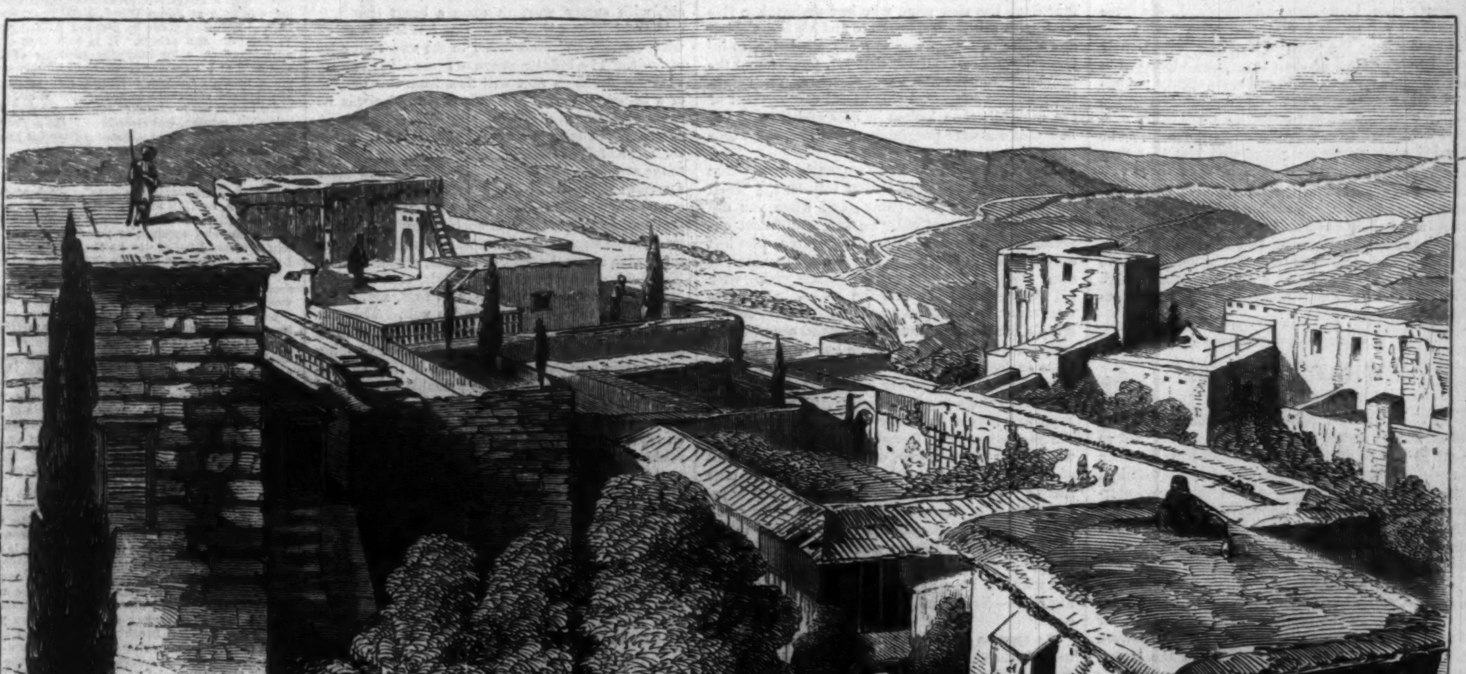
"In course he did," was the answer; "he nearly knocked the knife out of my hand with his tail."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, bristling up all of a sudden, "now I am a lawyer, and mind that you tell the same story to-morrow, Sir; for as sure as to-morrow comes you will have to *swear* that in court."

On the morrow the coast-guardsman swore that the whale was alive when first he saw him on shore, and that he knew it by the knife-test, as stated above. It was now the lord of the manor's turn to sing small, for he could not claim a thing if cast up *alive*. He had to refund the money he got for the oil, having taken all his trouble for nothing; so that, after all, the owner of the new seine caught his whale, got his new net back, and nearly a hundred pounds besides.

The captain of a French vessel once saw a whale

REV. WILLIAM WOOD STAMP, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST SOCIETY, ENGLAND, FOR 1860-'61.



THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND SHEIK'S HOUSE AT ABEIH, NEAR DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, SYRIA.—[Photographed by Mr. Graham.]

floundering upon a sand-bank at the Nore. He caused a rope to be tied tightly round above his tail, and as the tide rose the whale floated, and he was towed in triumph, as the crew imagined, on his way to Calais harbor. Mistaken Frenchmen! They had not got far before the whale showed symptoms of returning life, by wriggling, twisting, and not following the ship in the orderly manner becoming a *dead* whale. At length, the dragging through the water, and the pulling at his tail, roused him up completely; he came *quite* to life, and threatened to damage the ship. The Frenchmen, finding they had caught a Tartar, cut the rope as it passed over the stern of the ship, and away went the whale one way, back again toward the mouth of the Thames, with a great, long, thick rope still tied to his tail and dragging behind him; the ship went the other way, toward Calais, having lost their prize.

The whale was seen occasionally for some days after this, still with the rope on his tail. At last, he foolishly came into Whitstable Bay. The men in the oyster-boats saw him, and, by shouting and splashing, forced him up into shallow water, where the tide left him. They then wisely made sure of him by killing him outright. No pig-sticking knives were big enough or long enough to cut his throat, so they fixed scythes on to poles, and pierced him till he died. Then came the question, what was to be done with him? and at last a deputation of fishermen went up to Messrs. —— & Co., in the city, the great dealers in whale-oil, whalebone, etc., etc., who gave the fishermen £80 for their capture, and sent down men, blubber-knives, iron pots, etc., to boil him up. A scientific gentleman went down to dissect the creature, and was getting on capitally, although he was once very nearly smothered by slipping into one of the cavities of the heart. Nothing daunted by the smell or other disagreeable circumstances, he continued his dissection till he had made a valuable and interesting collection of preparations. One morning, when he was still working away, and the men boiling or "trying down" the oil, a very official-looking personage came up, and in a haughty manner said: "Leave off work all of you, directly do nothing more to the whale. I claim this *fish* (he was no naturalist, for a whale is a warm-blooded animal, and no fish) in the name of the *lord of the manor*, and nothing whatever must be touched or removed." My friend had just taken out the whale's eye, which exhibits remarkable structures, and offering it to the new-comer said: "Well, I suppose the lord of the manor does not want the whale's eye?" "You may keep *that*, Sir," was the answer. This disagreeable intruder then departed.

While the dissectors, both anatomical and commercial, were recovering their wonder, from another quarter of the compass lo! another Jack-in-office, who stalked into the assembled crowd, and with a wave of the stick proclaimed: "Touch nothing—move nothing—I claim all this in the name of *the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports*."

Vultures smell the stinking carcass from afar; so, too, did it seem that the smell of this unfortunate whale had found its way so far as London, and even to the crown authorities, for yet another human vulture arrived on the wings of the wind, and, spreading his official papers over the putrid mass, pronounced: "*This is a royal fish, and I claim it in the name of the crown*." Here, then, was a pretty mess, both literal and physical; the three claimants set to work disputing with each other for possession; the fishermen quietly wiped their oily hands, packed up their traps, and adjourned to the public-houses to drink out their eighty pounds and talk over the matter. My friend, seeing nothing could be done, packed up his whale's eye, and went back to London in an oyster-boat, as he carried such an aroma about with him that they would not take him in the coach. The three vultures then departed to their respective nests, and transferred the cause to the lawyers, who managed to spin out their disputes for a whole year. Long before the legal gentlemen had finished, however, a fourth claimant appeared in the person of the sea itself, who, coming up with an unusually high tide, carried the whole property away, both blubber and bones.

WHAT CAN I DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

HE was a poor cripple—with fingers twisted out of all useful shape, and lower limbs paralyzed so that he had to drag them after him wearily when he moved through the short distances that limited his sphere of locomotion—a poor, unhappy, murmuring, and, at times, ill-natured cripple, eating the bread which a mother's hard labor procured for him. For hours every fair day during spring, summer, and autumn, he might be seen in front of the little house where he lived leaning upon the gate, or sitting on an old bench, looking with a sober face at the romping village children, or dreamily regarding the passengers who moved with such strong limbs up and down the street. How often bitter envy stung the poor cripple's heart! How often, as the thoughtless village children taunted him cruelly with his misfortune, would he fling harsh maledictions after them. Many pitied the poor cripple; many looked upon him with feelings of disgust and repulsion; but few if any, sought to do him good.

Not far from where the cripple lived was a man who had been bedridden for years, and who was likely to remain so to the end of his days. He was supported by the patient industry of a wife.

"If good works are the only passport to heaven," he said to a neighbor one day, "I fear my chances will be small."

"'Well done, good and faithful servant, is the language of welcome," was replied; and the neighbor looked at the sick man in a way that made him feel a little uncomfortable.

"I am sick and bedridden—what can I do?" he spoke, fretfully.

"When little is given, little is required. But if there be only a single talent it must be improved."

"I have no talent," said the invalid.

"Are you sure of that?"

"What can I do? Look at me! No health—no strength—no power to rise from this bed. A poor, helpless creature, burdening my wife. Better for me, and for all, if I were in my grave."

"If that were so you would be in your grave. But God knows best. There is something for you to do, or you would be no longer permitted to live," said the neighbor.

The sick man shook his head.

"As I came along just now," continued the neighbor, "I stopped to say a word to poor Tom Hicks, the cripple, as he stood swinging on the gate before his mother's house, looking so unhappy that I pitied him in my heart. 'What do you do with yourself all through these long days, Tom,' I asked. 'Nothing,' he replied, moodily. 'Don't you read sometimes?' I queried. 'Can't read,' was his sullen answer. 'Were you never at school?' I went on. 'No: how can I get to school?' 'Why don't your mother teach you?' 'Because she can't read herself,' replied Tom. 'It isn't too late to begin now,' said I, encouragingly; 'suppose I were to find some one willing to teach you, what would you say?' The poor lad's face brightened as if the sunshine had fallen upon it; and he answered, 'I would say that nothing could please me better.' I promised to find him a teacher, and, as I promised, the thought of you, friend Croft, came into my mind. Now, here is something that you can do; a good work in which you can employ your one talent."

The sick man did not respond warmly to this proposition. He had been so long a mere recipient of good offices—had so long felt himself the object toward which pity and service must tend—that he had nearly lost the relish for good deeds. Idle dependence had made him selfish.

"Give this poor cripple a lesson every day," went on the neighbor, pressing home the subject, "and talk and read to him. Take him in charge as one of God's children, who needs to be instructed and led up to a higher life than the one he is now living. Is not this a good and a great work? It is, my friend; one that God has brought to your hand, and in the doing of which there will be great reward. What can you do? Much! Think of that poor boy's weary life, and of the sadder years that lie still before him. What will become of him when his mother dies? The alms-house alone will open its doors for the helpless one. But who can tell what resources may open before him if stimulated by thought. Take him, then, and unlock the doors of a mind that now sits in darkness, that sunlight may come in. To you it will give a few hours of pleasant work each day; to him it will be a life-long benefit. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

The sick man could not say "No," though in uttering that half-extorted assent he manifested no warm interest in the case of poor Tom Hicks.

On the next day the cripple came to the sick man and received his first lesson; and every day, at an appointed hour, he was in Mr. Croft's room, eager for the instruction he received. Quickly he mastered the alphabet, and as quickly learned to construct small words preparatory to combining them in a reading lesson. After the first three or four days the sick man, who had undertaken this work with reluctance, began to find his heart going down into it. Tom was so ready a scholar, so interested, and so grateful, that Mr. Croft found the task of instructing him a real pleasure. The neighbor who had suggested this useful employment of the invalid's time looked in now and then to see how matters were progressing, and to speak words of encouragement.

Poor Tom was seen less frequently than before hanging on the gate or sitting idly on the bench before his mother's dwelling; and when you did find him there, as of old, you saw a different expression on his face. Soon the children, who had only looked at him, half in fear, from a distance, or come closer to the gate where he stood gazing with his strange eyes out into the street, in order to worry him, began to have a different feeling for the cripple, and one and another stopped occasionally to speak with him; for Tom no longer made queer faces or looked at them wickedly, as if he would harm them if in his power, nor retorted angrily if they said things to worry him. And now it often happened that a little boy or girl, who had pitied the poor cripple and feared him at the same time, would offer him a flower, or an apple, or a handful of nuts in passing to school; and he would take these gifts thankfully, and feel better all day in remembrance of the kindness with which they had been bestowed. Sometimes he would ask to see their books, and his eyes would run eagerly over the pages so far in advance of his comprehension, yet with the hope in his heart of one day mastering them—for he had grown all athirst for knowledge.

As soon as Tom could read, the children in the neighborhood, who had grown to like him, and always gathered around him at the gate, when they happened to find him there, supplied him with books; so that he had an abundance of mental food, and now began to repay his benefactor, the bedridden man, by reading to him for hours every day.

The mind of Tom had some of the qualities of a sponge: it absorbed a great deal; but, like a sponge, gave out freely at every pressure. Whenever his mind came in contact with another mind, it must either absorb or impart. So he was always talking or always listening when he had any body who would talk or listen.

There was something about him that strongly attracted the boys in the neighborhood, and he usually had three or four of them around him, and often a dozen, late in the afternoon, when the schools were out. As Tom had entered a new world—the world of books—and was interested in all he found there, the subjects on which he talked with the boys who sought his company were always instructive. There was no nonsense about the cripple: suffering of body and mind had long ago made him serious; and all nonsense, or low, sensual talk, to which boys are sometimes addicted, found no encouragement in his presence. His influence over these boys was therefore of the best kind. The parents of some of the children, when they found their sons going so often to the house of Tom Hicks, felt doubts as to the safety of such intimate intercourse with the cripple, toward whom few were prepossessed, as he bore in the village the reputation of being ill-tempered and depraved, and questioned them very closely in regard to the nature of their intercourse. The report of these boys took their parents by surprise; but, on investigation, it proved to be true, and Tom's character soon rose in the public estimation.

Then came, as a natural consequence, inquiry as to the cause of such a change in the unfortunate lad; and the neighbor of the sick man who had instructed Tom told the story of Mr. Croft's agency in the matter. This interested the whole town in both the cripple and his bedridden instructor. The people were taken by surprise at such a notable instance of the great good which may sometimes be done where the means look discouragingly small. Mr. Crofts was praised for his generous conduct, and not only praised, but helped by many who had, until now, felt indifferent toward his case—for his good work rebuked them for neglected opportunities.

The cripple's eagerness to learn, and rapid progress under the most limited advantages, becoming generally known, a gentleman, whose son had been one of Tom's visitors, and who had grown to be a better boy under his influence, offered to send him in his wagon every day to the school-house, which stood half a mile distant, and have him brought back in the afternoon.

It was the happiest day in Tom's life when he was helped down from the wagon and went hobbling into the school-room.

Before leaving home on that morning he had made his way up to the sick room of Mr. Croft.

"I owe it all to you," he said, as he brought the white, thin hand of his benefactor to his lips. It was damp with more than a kiss when he laid it back gently on the bed. "And our Father in heaven will reward you."

"You have done a good work," said the neighbor who had urged Mr. Croft to improve his one talent, as he sat talking with him on that evening about the poor cripple and his opening prospects; "and it will serve you in that day when the record of life is opened. Not because of the work itself, but for the true charity which prompted the work. It was begun, I know, in some self-denial, but that self-denial was for another's good; and because you put away love of ease and indifference, and forced yourself to do kind offices, seeing that it was right to help others, God will send a heavenly love of doing good into your soul, which always includes a great reward, and is the passport to eternal felicities."

"You said," continued the neighbor, "only a few months ago, 'What can I do?' and spoke as a man who felt that he was deprived of all the means of accomplishing good; and yet you have, with but little effort, lifted a human soul out of the dark valley of ignorance, where it was groping in self-torture, and placed it on an ascending mountain-path. The light of hope has fallen, through your aid, with sunny warmth upon a heart that was cold and barren a little while ago, but is now green with verdure and blossoming in the sweet promise of fruit. The infinite years to come alone can reveal the blessings that will flow from this one act of a bed-ridden man, who felt that in him was no capacity for good deeds."

The advantages of a school being placed within the reach of Tom Hicks, he gave up every thought to the acquirements of knowledge. And now came a serious difficulty. His bent, stiff fingers could not be made to hold either pen or pencil in the right position, or to use them in such a way as to make intelligible signs. But Tom was too much in earnest to give up on the first, or second, or third effort. He found, after a great many trials, that he could hold a pencil more firmly than at first, and guide his hand in some obedience to his will. This was sufficient to encourage him to daily long-continued efforts, the result of which was a gradual yielding of the rigid muscles, which became in time so flexible that he could make quite passable figures, and write a fair hand. This did not satisfy him, however. He was ambitious to do better; and so kept on trying and trying, until few boys in the school could give a fairer copy.

"Have you heard the news?" said a neighbor to Mr. Croft, the poor bed-ridden man. It was five years from the day he gave the poor cripple, Tom Hicks, his first lesson.

"What news?" the sick man asked, in a feeble voice, not even turning his head toward the speaker. Life's pulses were running very low. The long struggle with disease was nearly over.

"Tom Hicks has received the appointment of teacher to our public school."

"Are you in earnest?" There was a mingling of surprise and doubt in the low tones that crept out upon the air.

"Yes. It is true what I say. You know that after Mr. Wilson died the directors got Tom, who was a favorite with all the scholars, to keep the school together for a few weeks until a successor could be appointed. He managed so well, kept such good order, and showed himself so capable as an instructor, that, when the election took place today, he received a large majority of votes over a number of highly-recommended teachers, and this without his having made application for the situation, or even dreaming of such a thing."

At this moment the cripple's well-known shuffling tread and the rattle of crutches was heard on the stairs. He came up with more than his usual hurry. Croft turned with an effort, so as to get a sight of him as he entered the room.

"I have heard the good news," he said, as he reached a hand feebly toward Tom, "and it has made my heart glad."

"I owe it all to you," replied the cripple, in a voice that trembled with feeling. "God will reward you."

And he caught the shadowy hand, touched it with his lips, and wet it with grateful tears, as once before. Even as he held that thin, white hand the low moving pulses took a lower beat—lower and lower—until the long-suffering heart grew still, and the freed spirit went up to its reward.

"My benefactor!" sobbed the cripple, as he stood by the wasted form shrouded in grave-clothes, and looked upon it for the last time ere the coffin-lid closed over it. "What would I have been except for you!"

Are your opportunities for doing good few, and limited in range, to all appearances, reader? Have you often said, like the bed-ridden man, "What can I do?" Are you poor, weak, ignorant, obscure, or even sick as he was, and shut out from contact with the busy outside world? No matter. If you have a willing heart, good work will come to your hands. Is there no poor, unhappy, neglected one to whom you can speak words of encouragement, or lift out of the vale of ignorance? Think! Cast around you. You may, by a single sentence, spoken in the right time and in the right spirit, awaken thoughts in some dull mind that may grow into giant powers in after-times, wielded for the world's good. While you may never be able to act directly on society to any great purpose, in consequence of mental or physical disabilities, you may, by instruction and guidance, prepare some other mind for useful work, which, but for your agency, might have wasted its powers in ignorance or crime. All around us are human souls that may be influenced. The nurse who ministers to you in sickness may be hurt or helped by you; the children who look into your face and read it daily—who listen to your speech, and remember what you say—will grow better or worse, according to the spirit of your life, as it flows into them; the neglected son of a neighbor may find in you the wise counselor who holds him back from vice. Indeed, you can not pass a single day, whether your sphere be large or small, your place exalted or lowly, without abundant opportunities for doing good. Only the willing heart is required. As for the harvest, that is nodding, ripe for the sickle, in every man's field. What of that time when the Lord of the Harvest comes, and you bind up your sheaves and lay them at his feet?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

THE Maine election came off on 10th September, and resulted in a Republican triumph. The details have not come to hand, but enough is known to show that there has been a Republican gain since last election, and that the Congressional delegation and Legislature are Republican.—The Anti-Republican parties in Massachusetts held their nominating Conventions on 12th, and made nominations without fusing. Mr. Erasmus D. Beach, of Springfield, is the Douglas nominee for Governor.—The Breckinridge Democrats of Connecticut chose Electors the same day, instructing them to vote for Breckinridge so long as there be a chance of electing him.—The Pennsylvania Douglas Democrats nominated a straight Douglas ticket on 11th.—The Democrats of New Hampshire met on 13th, adopted strong Douglas resolutions, and nominated a ticket.—A great Douglas ratification meeting was held at Jones Wood, New York, on September 12, and speeches made by Stephen A. Douglas, Herschel V. Johnson, and others. It is said that 40,000 people were present.—An immense meeting of Republicans was held at the Cooper Institute on 13th. Speeches were made by Carl Schurz, James O. Putnam, and others.—Mr. Seward continues to stump the West. During the week he has made speeches at Kalamazoo, Lansing, Madison (Wisconsin), and elsewhere. He is every where enthusiastically received.—Senator Douglas has gone to the Springs, being worn out by his labors.

MR. DOUGLAS AGAINST DISUNION.

Senator Douglas, in his great speech at Jones Wood, New York, on 12th September, said: "I am prepared to act with all men who are loyal to the Constitution and the Union, and opposed to the Abolition or Republican party, which I believe to be the enemy of this country. I was also asked, at Norfolk, Virginia, and other places, whether, in the event any of the Southern States should secede from this Union when Lincoln was elected, I would go for the enforcement of the laws of the Union? I tell you, as I told them, that whoever is President is bound by his oath to carry the laws into faithful execution. I also tell you that it is the duty of every law-abiding man, I care not what may be his politics, to aid and assist in the execution of the laws. Hence, if Lincoln should be elected, which God in his mercy forbid (a voice 'Amen!' and laughter), he must be inaugurated according to the Constitution and the laws of his country. And I, as his firmest, and strongest, irreconcilable opponent, will sustain him in the exercise of every constitutional function."

WHERE DOES BRECKINRIDGE STAND?

He also said: "I do not charge all the Breckinridge men in the United States with being disunionists. I do not charge Mr. Breckinridge himself with being a disunionist. But I do express my firm conviction that there is not a disunionist in America who is not a Breckinridge man. And now permit me to inquire of you and of them why, when they put their questions to me as to whether the election of Lincoln would be a good cause of disunion, they did not also propound them to their candidate? My answers at Norfolk were published in Kentucky, and Mr. Breckinridge's special attention invited to them some six or eight days before his Lexington speech. In that speech he answered the charge that he was in favor of pardoning John Brown. He answered the charge that he was in favor of self-government in the Territories; and he professed great attachment to the Constitution and to the Union. But I have not yet been able to learn that he ever answered the question as to whether or not he would enforce the laws against those who should attempt to break up the government. It does not satisfy me for a man to say that he is in favor of the Union. I have heard Barnwell Rhett make the same declaration. I have heard William L. Yancey avow his devotion to the Union; and I have heard all the leaders of the disunion party make similar professions. They all admit that they are in favor of the Union, yet that there is a contingency in which they would dissolve it. Now I desire to know of Major Breckinridge whether the contingency set forth by his electoral friend in Virginia, in his interrogatories to me, is the one in which he would dissolve this Union?

DOUGLAS ON FUSION.

"I am in favor of a cordial union of every Union man, every constitutional man, every man who desires the preservation of the Union and the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws in every and all contingencies. If Major Breckinridge is in favor of enforcing the laws against disunionists, seceders, abolitionists, and all other classes of men, in the event the election does not result

to suit him, then I am willing: but I tell you that I am utterly opposed to any union or any fusion with any man or any party who will not enforce the laws, maintain the Constitution, and preserve the Union in all contingencies. Now if my excitable friend"—(a person who had interrupted)—"wants to know whether his man Breckinridge is inside of the church, he must get an answer from that gentleman himself through the Norfolk questions. When he answers, and pledges himself to enforce the laws in the contingencies named in the Norfolk interrogatories to me, it will be time enough to talk about he and I fusing or coalescing. Believing that this Union is in danger, I will make any personal sacrifice to preserve it. If the withdrawal of my name would tend to defeat Mr. Lincoln, I would this moment withdraw it—more especially if such an act of mine would insure the election of a man pledged to the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws."

MR. SEWARD ON THE CONSTITUTION.

In the course of his speech at Madison, Wisconsin, Mr. Seward said: "It has been by a simple rule of interpretation I have studied the Constitution of my country. That rule has been simply this: That by no word, no act, no combination into which I might enter, should any one human being of all the generations to which I belong, much less any class of human beings of any nation, race, or kindred, be oppressed and kept down in the least degree in their efforts to rise to a higher state of liberty and happiness. Amidst all the glosses of the times, amidst all the essays and discussions to which the Constitution of the United States has been subjected, this has been the simple, plain, broad light in which I have read every article and every section of that great instrument. Whenever it requires of me that this hand shall keep down the humblest of the human race, then I will lay down power, place, position, fame, every thing, rather than adopt such a construction or such a rule. If, therefore, in this land there are any who would rise, I say to them, in God's name, good speed! If there are in foreign lands people who would improve their condition by emigration, or if there be any here who would go abroad in search of happiness, in the improvement of their condition, or in their elevation toward a higher state of dignity and happiness, they have always had, and they always shall have, a cheering word and such efforts as I can consistently make in their behalf."

THE SHIPWRECK ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

A survivor, after describing how he and others, with the captain, got upon a raft, goes on to say that "on this extempore raft not less than three hundred persons were collected, the majority of whom clung to their places until near daylight. The raft was mostly under water from the weight of its living burden, and very few who clung to it but were above the waist in the turbulent sea. The captain was constantly on his feet encouraging the crowd, and seems to have been the only man who dared to stir from the recumbent position which was necessary to keep a secure hold on the precarious raft. He carried a child, which he found in the arms of an exhausted and submerged woman, to an elevated portion of the raft, and left it in charge of a woman, when it was soon lost. He constantly exhorted the crowd to keep silent, and not only to make no noise, but to refrain from moving, in order that the frail framework might last the longer. Beliman says that during the time which elapsed, while the raft kept together, there was scarcely a sound from man, woman, or child. They clung to their places in silent terror, and neither groans nor prayers were audible; no voice, save that of the captain, raised aloud in encouragement and good cheer, being heard amidst the roar of the wind and the ceaseless splash of the combing waves. Finally the constant action of the water broke up the raft, and large parties floated off on detached pieces, and gradually the multitude melted away by couples and solitary individuals, until but a tithe of the whole number remained. The swell tumbled the light rafts about like feather-weights, and a weary struggle the hapless survivors had during the long drift of ten miles intervening to the shore. Beliman was ten hours on his raft, and says that he was capsized and thrown into the sea, with his two companions, every third minute. When they reached shore they were dashed about hopelessly in the surf, and, more fortunate than their companions, were lifted upon the beach by the breakers, and dragged ashore by strong hands which awaited them. It was here that, having surmounted the perils of that terrible voyage, the commander succumbed and gave way to the irresistible force which had worn out his strength and vigor. Perhaps he had rather died thus than to have lived in the exercise of more selfish motives than those which marked his character through the whole of this trying ordeal."

PERSONAL.

Sir George Simpson, Governor of Hudson Bay for many years, died at Lachine, Canada East, last week. He was for a long time connected with affairs at Hudson Bay and other places in the vicinity, and for his daring and energetic spirit received many rewards, even from the hand of royalty itself. He was born in the mountainous parish of Loch Broom, Ross-shire, Scotland, in or about the year 1796, and was consequently in the neighborhood of sixty-four years of age.

General Wheat, late of the liberal army in Mexico, sailed in the *Vanderbilt* on Saturday with the intention of joining Garibaldi at Naples. It is understood that General Wheat is backed financially in his undertaking by Mr. Samuel Brannon, a wealthy gentleman of California. The example of the General will be followed by Colonel Charles C. Hicks, who, it is reported, will leave in the next steamer.

The Hartford *Post* thus notices an operation recently performed in that city by one of the Drs. Lighthill, of 34 St. Mark's Place, New York:

"On Saturday last Dr. Lighthill operated on Mr. David Burbank, of No. 52 Woodbridge Street, for deafness. Mr. Burbank is seventy-four years of age; has resided in Hartford fifty years, the last ten of which he has been deaf. The operation was entirely successful, and now Mr. Burbank, who is widely known and respected, enjoys his hearing."

Mrs. Putnam, the colored American woman who wrote Sir Samuel Cunard a letter, some months since, complaining of maltreatment which she received on board the *Europa* steamship, has just returned to this country by the *Arabia*. On that vessel she was allowed to purchase a first-class ticket, and received the same privileges and attentions as the other passengers.

On Thursday General Pierce was thrown from his carriage while riding in Concord, New Hampshire, in consequence of his horse taking fright and turning suddenly. The ex-President suffered a little more severely than he did from a similar accident during his Mexican campaigns, but his bruises will not prove serious.

Miss Ida Craig, daughter of D. H. Craig, Esq., agent of the Associated Press, was married on Tuesday last to James B. Brown, Esq., of Peekskill, son of one of the wealthiest residents of that place. Rev. H. W. Beecher officiated, and his son and daughter were groomsman and bridemaid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE FIRST STREET RAILWAY IN ENGLAND.

THE first street railway in England, upon the American principle, was formally inaugurated at Birkenhead on the 30th of August, and the general impression was highly favorable. Mr. George F. Train, the promoter of the enterprise, gave a grand banquet at Birkenhead in honor of the event, and delivered a characteristic go-ahead speech. Mr. Train's efforts to introduce the system in London, Dublin, Manchester, and elsewhere, were meeting with every success.

HOW GARIBALDI RECRUITS MEN.

The London papers contain the following advertisement:

"A select party of excursionists intend to visit South Italy. As the country is somewhat unsettled, the excursionists will be furnished with means of self-defense, and with a view of recognizing each other, will be attired in a picturesque and uniform costume. General Garibaldi has liberally granted the excursionists a free passage to Sicily and Italy, and they will be supplied with refreshments and attire suitable for the climate. Information to be obtained at Captain Edward Styles' offices, No. 8 Salisbury Street, London, W. C. All persons desirous of joining the excursion, or willing to aid the same with their subscriptions, are requested to communicate immediately with the Committee of the Garibaldi Fund, at No. 8 Salisbury Street, Strand, London."

In answer to the numerous applications for information which are made by letter, a copy of the following circular is sent to each applicant:

"No 8 SALISBURY STREET, LONDON, *August*, 1860.

"SIR.—In reply to your letter of the — inst., I beg to forward you the following particulars:

"1. The English excursionists will be provided with a free passage, costume, means of self-defense, and all necessary provisions during the voyage, and satisfactory personal provisions will commence from the day they land.

"2. You can leave the English excursionists at any moment; but should you do so before their return to England, no claim will exist to any of the advantages which may fall to others.

"3. A personal interview is imperative, when you can learn all further particulars.

"The excursionists expect to leave within — days from this date. Three days' notice will be given to those going. Yours, faithfully,

"EDWARD STYLES, Captain, Garibaldi's staff."

The most remarkable offer made to the committee in London is one by a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Lytham. He says that, if made Colonel, he would equip 800 men, and land them at any point which Garibaldi might wish.

FRANCE.

IMPORTANT SPEECH FROM THE COUNT DE PERSIGNY.

The Count de Persigny, in his capacity of President, opened the sittings of the General Council of the Department of the Loire on the 28th ult., with a speech of which the following is a summary:

The Count commenced by observing that he was about to examine the existing probabilities of peace being maintained in Europe, and said:

"The Emperor's programme of Bordeaux has not been changed. Without pretending to abolish war, the Emperor has, however, repudiated the inheritance of mere fighting for the sake of vengeance for the defeats of the first empire. Before the inauguration of the present empire two extraordinary questions were pending, viz.: the question of the East, and that of Italy—neither of which could be resolved by means of diplomacy. Although the wars resulting from these questions could not be avoided they were carried out with promptitude, and the Emperor succeeded in realizing the object for which they were undertaken.

"The destruction of Sebastopol prevented Russia from taking possession of Constantinople, and the Eastern question was confided to the charge of United Europe.

"As regards the war in Italy, the Italian States were delivered from Austrian domination, and the principal object of the war was thus obtained. Although the Italians now jeopardize the independence which they acquired in consequence of the war, the principle of non-intervention, now a recognized rule of international policy, exercises a dominating influence over the further development of the question.

"These are the only questions which occupy the attention of Europe at the present moment.

BRITISH AND GERMAN ALARMS.

"The apprehensions entertained in Germany respecting the Rhine frontiers, and the fears of an invasion current in England, do not merit serious discussion.

"The Rhine is no longer a strategic frontier. France, being much stronger when Germany is divided, will never support the project of German unity for any compensation she might obtain.

"Concerning the relations between England and France, neither of these two powers desire to enter upon such a terrible struggle as a war between them would be. The English nation is peaceful. Their virtuous Queen and the eminent men in power desire to maintain a good understanding between the two nations. In view of so many great results obtained by France, and the lustre which they throw around the French nation, it is natural that uneasiness and distrust should have arisen in Europe. France, however, did not create the complications in Italy, neither did she counsel Austria to follow the fatal policy which led to the rising of the Italians, nor is she responsible for the treaties which Austria concluded with the Italian Princes. France used every possible effort to prevent the conflict. If the Emperor kept silence before the outbreak of the war in reference to his promises to repulse the attacks of Austria upon Italy, it was with the motive of leaving the Italians in ignorance of his powerful assistance, which, had they been aware of it, would have spread increased excitement among them.

"Thus the silence with which the Emperor has been reproached was disadvantageous to himself alone.

"The same can be said in reference to the cession of Savoy and Nice to France.

"The Italians, after the conclusion of the peace of Villafranca, having acted in violation of that treaty on the other side of the Alps, France could not renounce her Alpine frontiers, seeing that a great Italian kingdom had been constituted. France has never concealed her intentions, either from Sardinia or from England. She has deceived nobody.

THE PROGRAMME FOR THE FUTURE.

"The Emperor has certainly replaced France in her legitimate position, without shaking the confidence of Europe. Taken as a whole, his policy was pure and honest. If he has made war in Italy, it was only because the other Powers were not willing to engage their own responsibility. As soon as it was possible to arrive at a definite result he concluded the peace desired by the world.

"Since 1815 France has been forced to follow the *rôle* imposed upon her by the treaties of Vienna. Another spirit now reigns, and the political system of 1815 has been subverted by Europe herself. This system was the result of a violent transition, which, by two great convulsions, entirely disturbed the European equilibrium. Since then it has been the great interest of Europe that a general reconciliation should be effected between the different Powers, and that France should, by common consent, reassume the position which belonged to her in the councils of the Powers. She no longer threatens nor is threatened. Her work is achieved, and the mission of the new Empire is accomplished.

"The military *rôle* of France in Europe is at an end. It affords me great happiness to be conscientiously able to say that an era of peace and prosperity is now opening for Europe."

A NEW CAMP OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN.

The *Constitutionnel* states that 100 000 men had been mobilized, and that a permanent camp was about to be established close to the Swiss and Germanic frontier.

SIGNOR FARINI'S MISSION.

A rumor had been current that Signor Farini, who went to compliment the Emperor on the occasion of his first visit to the transferred provinces, presented an autograph letter from the King of Sardinia, in which Victor Emanuel declared it was impossible for him any longer to resist the current of public feeling in Italy, and that he must lead it or be swept away by it. A Paris dispatch, however, asserts that this rumor was without foundation, and that Farini went merely to compliment the Emperor in the name of the King.

DEATH OF MRS. GENERAL HARNEY.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Mrs. Harney, wife of General Harney, of the United States Army, died at her residence, No. 28 Rue de Berry, Paris, on Monday last, 27th. The funeral service over her remains took place at the Church of St. Philippe, Faubourg St. Honoré, with all the solemn and imposing ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church, of which she was a member. Among those who did honor to her remains I observed her son, son-in-law, and nephew; Mr. Faulkner, the American Minister; Mr. Calhoun, a planter from Louisiana; Colonel Stewart, son of Commodore Stewart, and many others. The services of the church occupied more than an hour, and were very grand and impressive."

ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

At latest dates nothing of moment had occurred in Calabria, and the reported flight of the King from Naples had been contradicted.

The report of Garibaldi's visit to Monteleone is reiterated, and it is reported that he had written to the revolutionary committee that he would be in Naples on the 8th inst., to assume the dictatorship in the name of Victor Emanuel. It was reported that Sardinia was about to intervene in the affairs of Naples, and that General Lamarmora was to proceed thither with thirty thousand troops, with the avowed object of rescuing Naples from anarchy in the event of the downfall of the Bourbons. Sardinia was making extraordinary military preparations.

It was reported that the Count of Syracuse, uncle to the King of Naples, had written a letter to the King recommending him to avoid a useless effusion of blood, and to follow the example of the Duchess of Parma. It was reported that several of the Neapolitan Ministers had declared they would not fight against their countrymen, and if a general rising took place would give it no opposition. A Naples dispatch of the 30th August to the *Patrie* says: "Tranquillity prevails in the city. The expected military demonstration in favor of annexation to Piedmont has been adjourned. Garibaldi has left Calabria, but it is not known in what direction he has gone. Decisive events are expected to take place shortly. Baron Brenier has obtained the satisfaction which he demanded."

The Austrian Government, fearing an attack on Venetia, was most actively pushing on the works connecting the Venetian railways with those of Germany, which would enable Austria to transport a considerable force to Venetia in a few days.

TROUBLE AT ROME.

The Papal States continue disturbed. Ancona had been declared in a state of siege, and the Papal delegate had been recalled. The French army at Rome was to be increased by 3500 soldiers.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The wife of Garibaldi, about whom so many strange reports have been circulated, is now at Marseilles, intending, it is said, to cross over to Civita Vecchia. She is a daughter of the Marquis Raymond, an Italian nobleman of immense wealth, and was married a short time ago to Garibaldi. Some reports state that before the marriage was consummated such damning evidence was placed in Garibaldi's hands that he immediately quitted her. Others say that, about three weeks after the marriage, the lady was caught intriguing with a courtier. There is evidently some strange mystery with which the world is not generally acquainted, and the lady's present intention of going over to Italy may not be so indicative of a reconciliation or refutation of calumny, as is generally supposed. If the evil reports be true, what a glorious position has this silly woman abandoned! Who would not be the wife of such a hero, and sit—if only for one hour—on the throne of Naples?"

SYRIA.

PUNISHMENT OF THE ASSASSINS.

A dispatch, dated Damascus, August 20, says: "This morning 167 persons implicated in the late massacres, and on whom sentence of death had been passed, were executed. 57 of the condemned men were hanged in the most popular part of the city, and 110 of the local police were shot in the square.

"Their execution has struck terror into the inhabitants of the city, which remained tranquil. To-morrow those condemned to hard labor and detention will be sent under a strong escort to Beyrout, where they will be immediately embarked for Constantinople. Among the persons hung were brothers, sons, and parents of the first men of the country. No attention was paid to rank or dignity. To-morrow all the principal parties compromised will be arrested, tried, and punished.

"The trial of ex-Governor Ahemid Aghea and other officers is proceeding before a council of war. The sentences will be enforced immediately after they are pronounced. The guilty persons who escaped after the massacre will be tried as outlaws. They will undergo their penalties as soon as they are seized. The army of the Sultan acts with the most rigorous discipline and in perfect loyalty. The arm of justice is triumphant. Perfect tranquillity reigns on all the borders of Syria. Order is re-established at Saidi and its environs."

LANDING OF FRENCH TROOPS.

We read in the correspondence of the London *News*, from Beyrout, August 16: "The grand event of the day here is that all doubts are set at rest as to the intervention, by the arrival, this morning, of some 2000 French troops, more being to follow in a day or two. They have not yet disembarked, but I believe will do so this evening. The Christians are delighted; the Moslems sulky; the Osmanli, or fanatic party, in despair; and every European more rejoiced than another."

HONDURAS.

WALKER CHASED OUT OF TRUXILLO.

A dispatch dated New Orleans, September 10, says: "The brig *Kate* has arrived here with Truxillo dates of the 31st ult., and Ruatan dates of the 2d inst. She brings as passengers four of the men belonging to General Walker's expedition. General Walker evacuated Truxillo on the night of the 1st inst., and was pursued by the enemy. The last accounts stated that only one of Walker's men had been killed. No opinion could be formed as to the fate of his force.

"The steamer *Osceola* had arrived at Havana from Truxillo, and reported the following: The commander of the English man-of-war *Icarus* ordered General Walker to surrender the town. Walker obeyed, and retired lower down the coast with eighty men. According to last advices his force was reduced to twenty-five men by the continued attacks of his enemies. Walker had been severely wounded in the face. Seven of his wounded followers had been placed aboard the *Icarus* at Truxillo. Walker lost one of his colonels. When the *Osceola* was leaving, Alverez was entering the town with 300 men."

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Saturday, 8th, the Prince held a levée at Toronto, at which the Duke of Newcastle refused to permit the Mayor and Council to be presented, in consequence of the affair of the Orange arch. The Orange troubles were the cause of much excitement all day. In the evening, the Prince attended a ball at the Law Rooms in Osgood, and remained till midnight. On Sunday the Prince attended church, driving thither by a circuitous route in order to avoid the Orange arch in King Street. Crowds were assembled to see him pass; they stopped his carriage, and for some moments there was a prospect of a riot. In the afternoon the Duke of Newcastle went out with Sir Edmund Head to see the arch. They were recognized by the mob, hooted, and jostled. They returned home, however, without injury. On Monday, 10th, the Prince started by rail for Collingwood, passing under some Orange arches by the way. He returned to Toronto in the evening. On Tuesday, he received a large number of deputations, including the Mayor and Council of Toronto, who apologized for the affair of the arch—a deputation from Belleville, and the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston. He also inaugurated a new park and botanical gardens; laid the corner-stone of a statue of the Queen; and attended a ball at the Crystal Palace in the evening. On Wednesday, at 11 A.M. the Prince left for London, Canada [illegible] a number of addresses by the way, and was welcomed by an enormous crowd to London. On Thursday he took a trip to Sarina—a sail on Lake Huron—and returned in the afternoon to London, where he attended a ball. On Friday morning he left for Niagara, where he arrived same day, and was saluted by fire-works. Large crowds assembled to greet him. He stays at Mr. Zimmerman's, at Clifton.

THE PRINCE WEARS OUT HIS SUITE.

At the ball at Cobourg, for the first time in Canada, the Prince was dressed in plain clothes. In them he looks taller, more *distingué*, and more handsome, than in his Colonel's uniform. He danced with fifteen different ladies, all of them young, all of them pretty, and all of them good dancers. For a few moments spent at the supper-table the Prince rested from his labors, but not a dance did he miss, nor did he stop till 3¼ o'clock in the morning. The Duke of Newcastle stroked his bushy beard, the Governor-General closed, opened, and shut again his pale and weary eyelids, and the players of the band began to flag in their attempts at grinding out in good time the enlivening and spirit-stirring strains.

HE CHARGES A CROWD.

When the Prince was driving to church, on 9th, at Toronto, the mob seized the horses and carriage when they were near the Orange arch, and endeavored by main force to drag the vehicle under the arch. The coachman resisted by every means in his power, the Duke of Newcastle encouraging him; and finally, by lashing the horses, and using his whip freely upon the mob, he succeeded in disengaging the carriage and reaching the church. It was this attempt that made the Prince leave by the rear door.

HE MEETS A FULL-BLOODED NEGRO,

At the reception at Osgood Hall, prominent among the barristers was a full-blooded African, named Sutherland, who graduated at King's College, and occupies a respectable position at the bar. He figured quite conspicuously.

ALSO QUITE A BEVY OF AMERICAN BELLES.

On the same occasion the Prince danced, as usual, every dance, and seemed in the very best of spirits. The large number of Americans who were there excited remark from the Prince. Miss Belle Pond, of Rochester, was the acknowledged beauty of the ball.

HE TAKES HIS PARTNERS TO SUPPER.

At the Crystal Palace Ball at Toronto the Prince seemed more animated than ever before at a ball. He danced all around the room, breaking through the circle of starers who surrounded him; promenaded, took his partner to supper in the same room with other people, and laughed and talked much; and, in short, seemed to be having a very good time. Much amusement was caused by a political quadrille, into which the Prince entered with laughing zest. Mr. Cartier, the ministerial leader, danced with an Upper Canadian lady, introduced to him by George Brown, the opposition leader, who danced *vis-à-vis* with a Lower Canadian dame.

SOMEBODY STEALS HIS HORSE'S TAIL.

A young lad was sent to the House of Correction at Toronto, on Wednesday, he having been caught in the Prince's stable with his hands full of hair from the tail of the horse which is ridden by his Royal Highness.

HE TALKS GERMAN.

There was a great crowd at Berlin, and also at Petersburg, a German settlement, where an address to the Prince was presented in German. Having no written reply ready, the Prince answered verbally in German, telling them that he was delighted to hear of their prosperity, and hoped it would continue. You can imagine the delight of the Hans and Katrines at hearing the Prince speak German so fluently.

HE KEEPS COOL.

As the Prince's party, at London, drove up to the station, two of the four horses became detached from the carriage, and for a few moments the Prince was in great danger, as the horses reared and plunged frantically, encouraged by the shouts of the crowd. The Prince coolly retained his seat, however, and the horses were finally subdued.

A MAN TAKES THE PRINCE'S HAT OFF.

As the Prince drove from the hotel at London to the dépôt a vast crowd surrounded him. Some shook hands, and one reached over the carriage and took off the Prince's hat, that the crowd might see him better. The Prince took no notice of this, but pleasantly bowed and smiled.

ANOTHER FLINGS HIS OWN IN HIS FACE.

As the Prince returned from the levée at the same place a drunken fellow flung his old hat in his face, and the Prince, leaning over the carriage, restored the hat, and nodded his acceptance of the apologies.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE FORGIVES TORONTO.

The following letter to the Mayor of Toronto has been published:

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO, *Sept.* 8, 1860.

"SIR,—I am sincerely anxious that all the painful events of the last few days should be at once and forever buried in oblivion, and nothing remembered but the heart-stirring scene which last night proclaimed to the world the unanimous and enthusiastic loyalty of the city of Toronto. It is a relief to my mind that I can, without any sacrifice of duty to the Prince of Wales, accept the apology which is offered by your letter, just received. I can only hope that from this moment all differences may as completely vanish from the minds of others as they will from that of,

"Sir, your very obedient servant, NEWCASTLE."

THE DUKE ISN'T AFRAID OF ANY BODY.

"On Sunday evening," says the *Times* correspondent, "the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl St. Germans, and Governor Head walked from the Palace down to the Orange arch. Just before reaching it they were detected, and the crowd moved toward them. They turned, and the crowd followed, hooting and groaning. A line of policemen followed, and kept back the crowd, till the Duke called the sergeant, and said to him, 'Go back; I don't need your protection. I never yet saw the crowd from which I could not protect myself.' When they reached the Palace-gate the crowd gave three groans for each of them, and three cheers for the Prince."

TWO BUFFALOS IN LIMBO.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A couple of men were arrested on the Prince's dais as pickpockets, and taken to the police station. They insisted that they were were leading Buffalo gentlemen, and were released next day, the Americans making demonstration in their favor. The offense which fixed suspicion upon these gentlemen was that they took from the supper-table at the ball one of its ornaments, a British lion done in a sponge cake. During the examination before the Justice one of the Americans ate up the lion, and the trial generally was amusing."

WHO WILL BE THE PRINCE'S FIRST PARTNER AT THE NEW YORK BALL?

The *Herald* says: "The very delicate question as to who should have the honor of dancing the first set with the Baron Renfrew has been under discussion with the sub-committee, whose duty it is to arrange that highly important point. Beauty and envy are unfortunately not inseparable. Jealousy will invade the tenderest bosom, and the loveliest brow will occasionally knit in anger. These considerations naturally occurred to the seven wise men upon whose shoulders was placed the onerous and not very pleasant burden of arranging this point. Great was the responsibility, and wonderful the astuteness shown in the conclusion to which they came." After great discussion it was at length "suggested, and unanimously approved, that the fittest lady for the honor of the Baron's hand in the first set was she who, by her position, occupies the first place in the republic of the United States, and presides with true royal and feminine grace over the White House at Washington; and, in accordance with their resolution, an embassador plenipotentiary has been dispatched to wait on Miss Lane in person."

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Crowning the Victor.
Ancient Royal wide-awake
The Romantic young Lady's Ideal
The Ideal Prince wonder worker
the Historians Ideal
Edwd the Black Prince escorting his prisoner the French King into London.
The Ideal of a Princely Sportsman.
A Tournament
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PRIN
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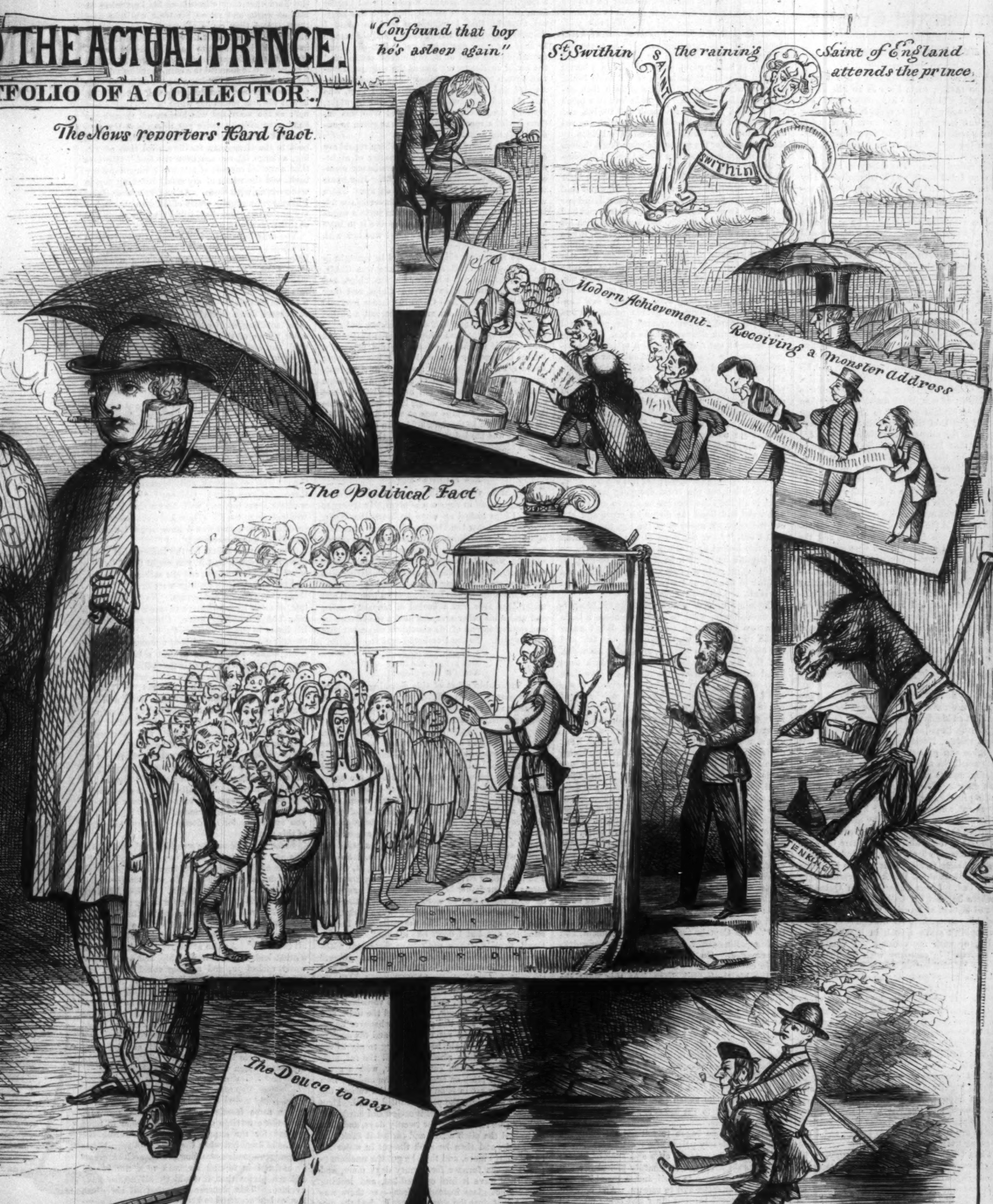
THE ACTUAL PRINCE.
FOLIO OF A COLLECTOR.
The News reporters' Hard Fact.
"Confound that boy he's asleep again!"
St. Swithin the raining Saint of England attends the prince.
SAINT
SWITHIN
Modern Achievement — Receiving a Monster address
The Political Fact
JENKINS
The Deuce to pay
12 months after Marriage.
Modern Sport
(So they say)
Canadian break-down.
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THE Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE are not many places that I find it more agreeable to revisit, when I am in an idle mood, than some places to which I have never been. For my acquaintance with those spots is of such long standing, and has ripened into an intimacy of so affectionate a nature, that I take a particular interest in assuring myself that they are unchanged.

I never was in Robinson Crusoe's Island, yet I frequently return there. The colony he established on it soon faded away, and it is uninhabited by any descendants of the grave and courteous Spaniards, or of Will Atkins and the other mutineers, and has relapsed into its original condition. Not a twig of its wicker houses remains; its goats have long run wild again; its screaming parrots would darken the sun with a cloud of many flaming colors if a gun were fired there; no face is ever reflected in the waters of the little creek which Friday swam across when pursued by his two brother cannibals with sharpened stomachs. After comparing notes with other travelers who have similarly revisited the Island and conscientiously inspected it, I have satisfied myself that it contains no vestige of Mr. Atkins's domesticity or theology, though his track on the memorable evening of his landing to set his captain ashore, when he was decoyed about and round about until it was dark, and his boat was stove, and his strength and spirits failed him, is yet plainly to be traced. So is the hill-top on which Robinson was struck dumb with joy when the reinstated captain pointed to the ship, riding within half a mile of the shore, that was to bear him away, in the nine-and-twentieth year of his seclusion in that lonely place. So is the sandy beach on which the memorable footstep was impressed, and where the savages hauled up their canoes when they came ashore for those dreadful public dinners, which led to a dancing worse than speech-making. So is the cave where the flaring eyes of the old goat made such a goblin appearance in the dark. So is the sight of the hut where Robinson lived with the dog and the parrot and the cat, and where he endured those first agonies of solitude, which, strange to say, never involved any ghostly fancies—a circumstance so very remarkable that perhaps he left out something in writing his record? Round hundreds of such objects, hidden in the dense tropical foliage, the tropical sea breaks evermore; and over them the tropical sky, saving in the short rainy season, shines bright and cloudless.

Neither was I ever belated among wolves on the borders of France and Spain; nor did I ever, when night was closing in and the ground was covered with snow, draw up my little company among some felled trees which served as a breast-work, and there fire a train of gunpowder so dexterously that suddenly we had three or four score blazing wolves illuminating the darkness around us. Nevertheless, I occasionally go back to that dismal region and perform the feat again; when, indeed, to smell the singeing and the frying of the wolves afire, and to see them setting one another alight as they rush and tumble, and to behold them rolling in the snow, vainly attempting to put themselves out, and to hear their howlings taken up by all the echoes as well as by all the unseen wolves within the woods, makes me tremble.

I was never in the robbers' cave, where Gil Blas lived; but I often go back there and find the trap-door just as heavy to raise as it used to be, while that wicked old disabled Black lies everlastingly cursing in bed. I was never in Don Quixote's study, where he read his books of chivalry until he rose and hacked at imaginary giants, and then refreshed himself with great draughts of water; yet you couldn't move a book in it without my knowledge, or with my consent. I was never (thank Heaven!) in company with the little old woman who hobbled out of the chest and told the merchant Abudah to go in search of the Talisman of Oromanes; yet I make it my business to know that she is well preserved and as intolerable as ever. I was never at the school where the boy Horatio Nelson got out of bed to steal the pears—not because he wanted any, but because every other boy was afraid; yet I have several times been back to this Academy to see him let down out of window with a sheet. So with Damascus, and Bagdad, and Brobdingnag (which has the curious fate of being usually misspelled when written), and Liliput, and Laputa, and the Nile, and Abyssinia, and the Ganges, and the North Pole, and many hundreds of places—I was never at them, yet it is an affair of my life to keep them intact, and I am always going back to them.

But when I was in Dullborough one day, revisiting the associations of my childhood, as recorded in previous pages of these notes, my experience in this wise was made quite inconsiderable and of no account by the quantity of places and people—utterly impossible places and people, but none the less alarmingly real—that I found I had been introduced to by my nurse before I was six years old, and used to be forced to go back to at night without at all wanting to go. If we all knew our own minds (in a more enlarged sense than the popular acceptation of that phrase), I suspect we should find our nurses responsible for most of the dark corners we are forced to go back to against our wills.

The first diabolical character that intruded himself on my peaceful youth (as I called to mind that day at Dullborough) was a certain Captain Murderer. This wretch must have been an offshoot of the Blue Beard family, but I had no suspicion of the consanguinity in those times. His warning name would seem to have awakened no general prejudice against him, for he was admitted into the best society and possessed immense wealth. Captain Murderer's mission was matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. On his marriage morning he always caused both sides of the way to church to be planted with curious flowers; and when his bride said, "Dear Captain Murderer, I never saw flowers like these before: what are they called?" he answered, "They are called Garnish for house-lamb," and laughed at his ferocious practical joke in a horrid manner, disquieting the minds of the noble bridal company with a very sharp show of teeth, then displayed for the first time. He made love in a coach and six, and married in a coach and twelve, and all his horses were milk-white horses with one red spot on the back, which he caused to be hidden by the harness. For the spot *would* come there, though every horse was milk-white when Captain Murderer bought him. And the spot was young bride's blood. (To this terrific point I am indebted for my first personal experience of a shudder and cold beads on the forehead.) When Captain Murderer had made an end of feasting and revelry, and had dismissed the noble guests, and was alone with his wife on the day month after their marriage, it was his whimsical custom to produce a golden rolling-pin and a silver pie-board. Now there was this special feature in the Captain's courtships, that he always asked if the young lady could make pie-crust, and if she couldn't by nature or education she was taught. Well, when the bride saw Captain Murderer produce the golden rolling-pin and silver pie-board she remembered this, and turned up her laced-silk sleeves to make a pie. The Captain brought out a silver pie-dish of immense capacity, and the Captain brought out flour and butter and eggs and all things needful, except the inside of the pie; of materials for the staple of the pie itself the Captain brought out none. Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, what pie is this to be?" He replied, "A meat pie." Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, I see no meat." The Captain humorously retorted, "Look in the glass." She looked in the glass, but still she saw no meat, and then the Captain roared with laughter, and, suddenly frowning and drawing his sword, bade her roll out the crust. So she rolled out the crust, dropping large tears upon it all the time because he was so cross; and when she had lined the dish with crust and had cut the crust all ready to fit the top, the Captain called out, "*I* see the meat in the glass!" And the bride looked up at the glass just in time to see the Captain cutting her head off; and he chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Captain Murderer went on in this way, prospering exceedingly, until he came to choose a bride from two twin sisters, and at first didn't know which to choose. For, though one was fair and the other dark, they were both equally beautiful. But the fair twin loved him, and the dark twin hated him, so he chose the fair one. The dark twin would have prevented the marriage if she could, but she couldn't; however, on the night before it, much suspecting Captain Murderer, she stole out and climbed his garden wall, and looked in at his window through a chink in the shutter, and saw him having his teeth filed sharp. Next day she listened all day, and heard him make his joke about the house-lamb. And that day month he had the paste rolled out, and cut the fair twin's head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Now the dark twin had had her suspicions much increased by the filing of the Captain's teeth, and again by the house-lamb joke. Putting all things together when he gave out that her sister was dead, she divined the truth, and determined to be revenged. So she went up to Captain Murderer's house, and knocked at the knocker and pulled at the bell, and when the Captain came to the door, said: "Dear Captain Murderer, marry me next, for I always loved you and was jealous of my sister." The Captain took it as a compliment, and made a polite answer, and the marriage was quickly arranged. On the night before it the bride again climbed to his window, and again saw him having his teeth filed sharp. At this sight she laughed such a terrible laugh at the chink in the shutter that the Captain's blood curdled, and he said: "I hope nothing has disagreed with me!" At that she laughed again, a still more terrible laugh, and the shutter was opened and search made, but she was nimbly gone and there was no one. Next day they went to church in the coach and twelve and were married. And that day month she rolled the pie-crust out, and Captain Murderer cut her head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

But before she began to roll out the paste she had taken a deadly poison of a most awful character, distilled from toads' eyes and spiders' knees; and Captain Murderer had hardly picked her last bone when he began to swell, and to turn blue, and to be all over spots, and to scream. And he went on swelling and turning bluer and being more all over spots and screaming, until he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall; and then, at one o'clock in the morning, he blew up with a loud explosion. At the sound of it all the milk-white horses in the stables broke their halters and went mad, and then they galloped over every body in Captain Murderer's house (beginning with the family blacksmith, who had filed his teeth) until the whole were dead, and then they galloped away.

Hundreds of times did I hear this legend of Captain Murderer in my early youth, and added hundreds of times was there a mental compulsion upon me in bed to peep in at his window, as the dark twin peeped, and to revisit his horrible house, and look at him in his blue and spotty and screaming stage, as he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall. The young woman who brought me acquainted with Captain Murderer had a fiendish enjoyment of my terrors, and used to begin, I remember—as a sort of introductory overture—by clawing the air with both hands, and uttering a long, low, hollow groan. So acutely did I suffer from this ceremony in combination with this infernal Captain, that I sometimes used to plead I thought I was hardly strong enough and old enough to hear the story again just yet. But she never spared me one word of it, and indeed commended the awful chalice to my lips as the only preservative known to science against "The Black Cat"—a weird and glaring-eyed supernatural Tom, who was reputed to prowl about the world by night, sucking the breath of infancy, and who was endowed with a special thirst (as I was given to understand) for mine.

This female bard—may she have been repaid my debt of obligation to her in the matter of nightmares and perspirations!—reappears in my memory as the daughter of a shipwright. Her name was Mercy, though she had none on me. There was something of a ship-building flavor in the following story. As it always recurs to me in a vague association with calomel pills, I believe it to have been reserved for dull nights when I was low with medicine:

There was once a shipwright, and he wrought in a Government Yard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before him was Chips, and *his* father's name before *him* was Chips, and they were all Chipses. And Chips the father had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the grandfather had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the great-grandfather had disposed of himself in the same direction on the same terms; and the bargain had run in the family for a long, long time. So one day when young Chips was at work in the Dock all alone, down in the dark hold of an old Seventy-four that was hauled up for repairs, the Devil presented himself, and remarked:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I'll* have Chips!"

(I don't know why, but this fact of the Devil's expressing himself in rhyme was peculiarly trying to me.) Chips looked up when he heard the words, and there he saw the Devil with saucer eyes that squinted on a terrible great scale, and that struck out sparks of blue fire continually. And whenever he winked his eyes showers of blue sparks came out, and his eyelashes made a clattering like flints and steels striking lights. And hanging over one of his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and under that arm was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and under his other arm was half a ton of copper, and sitting on one of his shoulders was a rat that could speak. So the Devil said again:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I'll* have Chips!"

(The invariable effect of this alarming tautology on the part of the Evil Spirit was to deprive me of my senses for some moments.) So Chips answered never a word, but went on with his work. "What are you doing, Chips?" said the rat that could speak. "I am putting in new planks where you and your gang have eaten old away," said Chips. "But we'll eat them too," said the rat that could speak; "and we'll let in the water, and we'll drown the crew, and we'll eat them too." Chips, being only a shipwright, and not a Man-of-war's man, said, "You are welcome to it." But he couldn't keep his eyes off the half a ton of copper or the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and copper are a shipwright's sweet-hearts, and shipwrights will run away with them whenever they can. So the Devil said, "I see what you are looking at, Chips. You had better strike the bargain. You know the terms. Your father before you was well acquainted with them, and so were your grandfather and great-grandfather before him." Says Chips, "I like the copper, and I like the nails, and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the rat." Says the Devil, fiercely, "You can't have the metal without him—and *he's* a curiosity. I'm going." Chips, afraid of losing the half a ton of copper and the bushel of nails, then said, "Give us hold!" So he got the copper and the nails and the pot and the rat that could speak, and the Devil vanished.

Chips sold the copper, and he sold the nails, and he would have sold the pot; but whenever he offered it for sale the rat was in it, and the dealers dropped it, and would have nothing to say to the bargain. So Chips resolved to kill the rat, and, being at work in the Yard one day, with a great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him and the iron pot with the rat in it on the other, he turned the scalding pitch into the pot, and filled it full. Then he kept his eye upon it till it cooled and hardened, and then he let it stand for twenty days, and then he heated the pitch again and turned it back into the kettle, and then he sank the pot in water for twenty days more, and then he got the smelters to put it in the furnace for twenty days more, and then they gave it him out, red-hot, and looking like red-hot glass instead of iron—yet there was the rat in it, just the same as ever! And the moment it caught his eye, it said, with a jeer:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I'll* have Chips!"

(For this Refrain I had waited since its last appearance with inexpressible horror, which now culminated.) Chips now felt certain in his own mind that the rat would stick to him; the rat, answering his thought, said, "I will—like pitch!"

Now, as the rat leaped out of the pot when it had spoken, and made off, Chips began to hope that it wouldn't keep its word. But a terrible thing happened next day. For, when dinner-time came and the Dock-bell rang to strike work, he put his rule into the long pocket at the side of his trowsers, and there he found a rat—not that rat, but another rat. And in his hat he found another; and in his pocket-handkerchief another; and in the sleeves of his coat, when he pulled it on to go to dinner, two more. And from that time he found himself so frightfully intimate with all the rats in the Yard that they climbed up his legs when he was at work, and sat on his tools while he used them. And they could all speak to one another, and he understood what they said. And they got into his lodging, and into his bed, and into his teapot, and into his beer, and into his boots. And he was going to be married to a corn-chandler's daughter; and when he gave her a work-box he had himself made for her, a rat jumped out of it; and when he put his arm round her waist, a rat clung about her; so the marriage was broken off, though the bans were already twice put up—which the parish-clerk well remembers, for, as he handed the book to the clergyman for the second time of asking, a large fat rat ran over the leaf. (By this time a special cascade of rats was rolling down my back, and the whole of my small listening person was overrun with them. At intervals, ever since, I have been morbidly afraid of my own pocket, lest my exploring hand should find a specimen or two of those vermin in it.)

You may believe that all this was very terrible to Chips; but even all this was not the worst. He knew besides what the rats were doing wherever they were. So sometimes he would cry aloud, when he was at his club at night, "Oh! keep the rats out of the convicts' burying-ground! Don't let them do that!" Or, "There's one of them at the cheese down stairs!" Or, "There's two of them smelling at the baby in the garret!" Or other things of that sort. At last he was voted mad, and lost his work in the Yard, and could get no other work. But King George wanted men; so before very long he got pressed for a sailor. And so he was taken off in a boat one evening to his ship, lying at Spithead, ready to sail. And so the first thing he made out in her as he got near her was the figure-head of the old Seventy-four, where he had seen the Devil. She was called the *Argonaut*, and they rowed right under the bowsprit, where the figure-head of the *Argonaut*, with a sheepskin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat who could speak, and his exact words were these: "Chips ahoy! Old boy! We've pretty well ate them too, and will drown the crew, and will eat them too!" (Here I always became exceedingly faint, and would have asked for water, but that I was speechless.)

The ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to. The ship set sail that very night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equaled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one day he asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. Chips went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Your Honor, unless your Honor, without a moment's loss of time, makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed ship, and her name is the Coffin!" "Young man, your words are a madman's words." "Your Honor, no; they are nibbling us away." "They?" "Your Honor, them dreadful rats. Dust and hollowness where solid oak ought to be! Rats nibbling a grave for every man on board! Oh! Does your Honor love your Lady and your pretty children?" "Yes, my man, to be sure." "Then, for God's sake, make for the nearest shore, for at this present moment the rats are all stopping in their work, and are all looking straight toward you with bare teeth, and are all saying to one another that you shall never, never, never, never see your Lady and your children more." "My poor fellow, you are a case for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!"

So he was bled and he was blistered, and he was this and that, for six whole days and nights. So then he again asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. He went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Now, Admiral, you must die! You took no warning; you must die! The rats are never wrong in their calculations, and they make out that they'll be through at twelve to-night. So you must die!—with me and all the rest!" And so at twelve o'clock there was a great leak reported in the ship, and a torrent of water rushed in, and nothing could stop it, and they all went down, every living soul. And what the rats—being water-rats—left of Chips at last floated to shore, and sitting on him was an immense overgrown rat, laughing, that dived when the corpse touched the beach and never came up. And there was a deal of sea-weed on the remains. And if you get thirteen bits of sea-weed, and dry them and burn them in the fire, they will go—off—like in these thirteen words as plain as plain can be:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I've got Chips!"

The same female bard—descended, possibly, from those terrible old Scalds who seem to have existed for the express purpose of addling the brains of mankind when they begin to investigate languages—made a standing pretense which greatly assisted in forcing me back to a number of hideous places that I would by all means have avoided. This pretense was, that all her ghost stories had occurred to her own relations. Politeness toward a meritorious family, therefore, forbade my doubting them, and they acquired an air of authentication that impaired my digestive powers for life. There was a narrative concerning an unearthly animal foreboding death, which appeared in the open street to a parlor-maid who "went to fetch the beer" for supper: first (as I now recall it) assuming the likeness of a black dog, and gradually rising on its hind-legs and swelling into the semblance of some quadruped greatly surpassing a hippopotamus: which apparition—not because I deemed it in the least improbable, but because I felt it to be really too large to bear—I feebly endeavored to explain away. But on Mercy's retorting with wounded dignity that the parlor-maid was her own sister-in-law, I perceived there was no hope, and resigned myself to this zoological phenomenon as one of my many pursuers. There was another narrative describing the apparition of a young woman who came out of a glass-case and haunted another young woman until the other

young woman questioned it and elicited that its bones (Lord! To think of its being so particular about its bones!) were buried under the glass-case, whereas she required them to be interred, with every Undertaking solemnity up to twenty-four pound ten, in another particular place. This narrative I considered I had a personal interest in disproving, because we had glass-cases at home, and how, otherwise, was I to be guaranteed from the intrusion of young women requiring *me* to bury them up to twenty-four pound ten, when I had only twopence a week? But my remorseless nurse cut the ground from under my tender feet, by informing me that She was the other young woman; and I couldn't say "I don't believe you;" it was not possible.

Such are a few of the uncommercial journeys that I was forced to make, against my will, when I was very young and unreasoning. And really, as to the latter part of them, it is not so very long ago—now I come to think of it—that I was asked to undertake them once again, with a steady countenance.

"WILT THOU KISS ME?"

When I ask'd her, "Wilt thou kiss me?"
  Naught she said, but hung her cheek so,
As if she were thinking, thinking
  Whether she might do't or no.

Then her fair, kind face upturning,
  One sweet touch I there did win;
As if she were thinking, thinking
  Such small graces are no sin.

She therein lost no composure,
  Nor ashamed did she seem;
Truly chaste may grant such favor,
  And therein lose no esteem.

DEAL BEACH.

"No, Amos, no—I'm not cruel; not hard-hearted. I would not injure you for the world—you who have been only good to me and mine; and for that very reason I would tell you the plain truth. I do not understand you at all when you tell me of this fearful love: all your pleading only frightens me. Have we not been as brother and sister all our lives? Why should you feel so differently toward me now? Mother says you are another son to her since William went to the army. Why can't you stay at home where we need you so much, and be the same dear, good brother to me you always have been? 'Tis you who are hard-hearted and cruel to say that I make you go away when I don't want you to go at all."

"I don't mean to blame you, Alice, but I must go. I've thought of you with every hand's turn I have done here for so long that I couldn't bring the cows from the meadow-lot, or go down to the spring there for water, without being minded of you at every step. Even my boat has your name on her, and I couldn't paint it out nohow. I could not go on here in the old way without the old hopes and thoughts about you. It always seemed to me, Alice, just as though 'twas natural and right for you to love me—just as though, when times come right again, we'd be married and—"

"There, don't talk so any more, Amos. I can't feel as you do, and I don't want to, either. I would do any thing in the world to have you stay home and be reasonable, as you ought to, but I can't be sentimental. I'll spin for you and weave for you, but love you in that way I can not. I don't know how, and that's the end of it."

Much longer the young people talked together, but "the end of it" was as the maiden had said; and so Amos Conover went away to share the hardships and glory of those men who suffered through that frigid winter in Valley Forge, and an after summer on the scorching plains of Monmouth. At long intervals the families at Deal would hear some word of him, and ever that he was foremost among the many brave. Who so daring as those unhappy ones without hopes to make life dear? When Amos left Deal he bitterly thought he cared not if he never saw home again.

'Twas nearly two years after young Conover left home when William Hendrickson—Alice's brother—returned on leave, bringing the news that Amos had been promoted. He was to have a company as soon as he attained his majority, and he had earned his honors. His name was always offered when volunteers were called for services of difficulty and danger; and his 'longshore education in habits of endurance, his hardihood and self-reliance, rendered him peculiarly capable of acting where instant ability and cool courage alone could snatch success from the very jaws of threatening destruction. With the natural instinct of youth clinging to life, he would sometimes shrink from an unusually hazardous undertaking; but at such moments a desperate memory of Alice would urge him on, and thinking, "I know she'll be sorry if I never come back," he would dash eagerly forward into the most reckless exploits. And when, returning from some perilous scout, he glided quietly in among his companions round the camp-fire, their earnest welcome and sincere praise only made him long for welcome and praise which could not be his. Even the commendations of the chief lost half their value because they could not be heard at home. "Would she care to know they call me brave?" This question, always recurring, and always despairingly answered, stirred the heart of the young soldier continually, stimulating him to new deeds of heroism until "Cool Conover" became known to friends and foes as the impersonation of skill and daring.

During the memorable spring of 1778 the forces of Sir Henry Clinton entered New Jersey, whither they were immediately followed by Washington. The light troops of the Continental army, especially the "Jersey Blues," were very active in harassing the enemy, cutting off his foraging parties and the plundering bands of Kneiphausen's Hessians. Often and often the minute-men of Monmouth would visit their homes, for the first time in years, only to defend them against the marauding attacks of these German troopers.

Our young Captain and his little command were not idle at this time of need. Hardly could an expedition leave the Hessian camp so secretly that these watchful ones would not know of it. Hardly could the troopers move so quickly or quietly that a small but gallant band would not dash in upon them and prevent the contemplated mischief, or at least avenge the attack and rescue the prisoners. So often did the young Jerseyman send the moss-troopers flying home, burdened with hard knocks instead of booty, that the whole Kneiphausen brigade learned to dread the name of Cool Conover, or "Kovenhoven," as they called him.

During the night succeeding the battle of Monmouth Sir Henry Clinton withdrew from his position on the battle-ground, and retreated toward the sea-board. Washington also withdrew northward, leaving the New Jersey contingent, under General Dickenson, to watch the motions of the enemy. Divided into small skirmishing parties, they covered the whole line of his march, carrying out that harassing system of tactics then scorned by the regulars, under the name of "bush-fighting," but since adopted into the best armies of the world.

That Captain Conover was a leader in this trying service we may be sure, and, as usual, the Hessians were the objects of his special attention.

Kneiphausen's dragoons formed a part of Clinton's rear-guard, and their raids in every direction were punished with a promptness and severity which exasperated them to the last degree. Many an old farm-house bears witness yet to the sharpness of these struggles.

At noon, on the second day of their march, the dragoons halted near Eatontown. On resuming the route a detachment of about sixty men deployed from the main body and turned off southward toward Long Branch. From his look-out, near at hand, Conover distinguished the buff facings of a Continental officer's uniform in their midst. Unwilling to spare a single man from service which needed more than all, he resolved to follow them alone. Deputing the command to his lieutenant, he set out, with a grim smile of determination, to cope, single-handed, with sixty well-armed ruffians, nearly every one of whom had cause to hate him bitterly.

Familiar with every foot of the ground, he easily kept near the troops, sometimes gaining an advance by crossing corners and lying in wait for them to pass; sometimes far in the rear, when the open country afforded him no shelter. The prisoner he recognized as Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds, of New York, who had been missing since the day of battle. Amos rightly supposed they were hastening to embark him on board H.B.M. sloop of war *Vulture*, known to be in the offing as the advance-guard of Lord Howe's fleet.

As they drew near the sea-board, where old home land-marks grew more and more frequent, and an occasional glimpse of the Atlantic stirred up old home-memories, his indignant hatred of the hireling invaders became almost uncontrollable. He could scarce restrain his impulse to fire on them, and then spring in and lay about him right and left.

Instead of stopping, as he had expected, at Long Branch, they kept on toward Deal; and his thoughts, which had until now been for the prisoner, turned with breathless anxiety to his home and to *hers*. He sought in vain an opportunity to hasten forward and warn his friends of the near danger; the road was entirely clear—running through level fields for miles, and 'twas only with greatest difficulty he contrived to keep covered in the rear.

On arriving at Hendrickson's Lane the dragoons stopped, and, after consulting together a moment, turned in—apparently attracted by the sleek cattle in the "meadow-lot." With a smothered groan Amos watched them; and hardly had the last man disappeared behind the hedge, when he sprang into the field, and, crouching along a dry ditch, followed at half-pistol shot. As they turned into the door-yard of *her* house he gained the shelter of a hay-stack, and, peering out, saw Alice come forth, startled by the tramp of horses. Lovelier than ever she had grown in the years since they parted. Even the brutal dragoons were awed by this vision of virgin beauty, and approached her with certain respect. She evidently did not understand their demands, which were repeated to her mother in such threatening manner that the prisoner immediately interfered. A blow from the back of a sabre stretched him upon the floor, where he was bound and then lashed fast to one of the pillars of the piazza.

This cruelty, intended to strike terror to the hearts of the defenseless women, excited only indignation and abhorrence. When one of the Hessians speaking a little English commanded, with much blustering and cursing, that the cows should be brought up and milked for them before they drove them off, Alice ran to the bars and stood before them, in defiant attitude, declaring not a single animal should be touched while she lived. How little did she dream that, within ten yards, Amos Conover lay concealed—trembling with loving admiration and fear for her!

Poor child! The troopers only laughed at her display of courage, and were soon in the meadow driving the herd toward the bars. The first that came up was a fine white cow, which Amos remembered as a pet heifer when he left home. She was the favorite still, and, as she passed, Alice threw her arms about the poor creature's neck and cried as though her heart would break. The English-speaking Hessian came to put a bridle-rein on the cow's horns, and fiercely ordered Alice away. But she clung to her old friend, begging that this one might be spared, though the rest of the herd be taken. With a savage oath the doomed man seized her arm, and, throwing her to the ground, struck her with the end of the bridle. In an instant a rifle-ball crashed through his brain; and as other troopers rushed forward, laying violent hands on Alice, Cool Conover was among them—not cool now, but seething and boiling to the tips of his fingers with burning rage. His clubbed rifle, whirling in swift circles round his head; protecting himself from the sabres, and felling a foe at each down swoop, now on one side, now on the other, Amos was no mean match for a dozen frightened marauders. But how may one man prevail against twenty—ay, in a moment more, against fifty heavily armed dragoons. The consternation produced by his sudden appearance and his terrific blows bring to our hero's mind the wild thought—to catch up Alice and fly while he may; but already 'tis too late. Hemmed in on every side, borne down by very weight of numbers, he is overpowered, disarmed, and pinioned with a saddle-girth.

I suppose I ought to say here that Alice had become insensible; but as she did not do any thing of the kind, truth forbids my making such statement. On the contrary, she maintained such control of her faculties, that, knowing the esteem in which Amos was held by the Hessians, she repressed the joyful exclamation which rose to her lips, and did not allow herself to recognize him by word or deed.

Not so considerate was Colonel Reynolds. No sooner was Amos brought near him than he cried out, in astonishment, "Good Heavens, Cool Conover, as I live!"

Cool Conover! "Kalt Kovenhoven!" How the words flew among the troopers! "Had they really caught him?" They could scarce credit their good fortune, old veterans of the fight coming to peer into his youthful face with incredulous wonder. Half-wild with delight, they dragged him out upon the grass, and went dancing round him with barbaric yells of triumph. The horses even were brought to see, in the hour of his fall, the man who had caused them many a hard gallop.

Since the discovery was made and beyond remedy, Alice no longer avoided her old-time lover, but sought to be near him and comfort him whenever she was allowed to. She blamed herself greatly for being the cause of his capture; she would never cease to regret bringing him to harm. Then she reproved his temerity, the admiration of her eyes belying the words of her mouth the while. There certainly was no need that she should embrace him while talking with him, especially as he couldn't return the compliment. Perhaps she thought to protect him from the Hessian sabres, or perhaps was weeping on his shoulder. Not a bit of it. She was thinking how he might escape, and telling him of her plans.

"I'll set the barn on fire," she says; "and the moment their attention is distracted by that, I'll cut this band and you can be off on one of their horses."

"No, Alice, bless your dear heart! They'd only murder you if I got away. You try and take your mother over to our house, and any silver or such like that you can carry handy. Then get a team over there if you can, and all drive down to Cedar Island."

"I'm coming back to help you, Amos."

"No, no, dear girl, you mustn't. If there is any chance you may be sure I'll try it; but if they found you helping me, they'd shoot us both in a minute."

Alice thought but did not say, "Then we will die together."

Fortunately for their composure, these young people did not understand the amiable discussion going on around them. The Hessians were divided in opinion as to whether they would hack their captive to pieces where he stood, each in rotation giving him a cut, or hang him, like a dog, to the nearest tree. The argument for hanging finally prevailed, hanging being considered the most degrading death.

The growth of wood about Deal being mostly small cedars, the troopers could find no tree suitable for their purpose except on the far side of Poplar Creek, a quarter of a mile distant. To the creek, then, they took their way, twenty men marching in advance; next the fated prisoner, with a guard of half a dozen on each side; then the rest of the men—about a score—bringing up the rear.

Poplar Creek, like most others 'longshore, is very deep except just at the mouth, where it widens out and pours across the beach into the sea, a broad, shallow stream. The procession, accordingly, passed down the creek to the shore, where they prepared to cross with precise military ceremony. First, the twenty in advance were ordered over, and when they were in position on the other side, the prisoner and his twelve keepers entered the stream, thus keeping each bank guarded while the captive was crossing—a very wise disposition, no doubt, but one just calculated to afford the daring 'longshoreman a chance to escape. Nor was he slow to perceive and improve it. When in the middle of the stream he contrived to stumble against the men next him, on the off-shore side, and threw two of them without falling himself. During the confusion incident to their struggling and sputtering in the water, with a mighty effort he burst his bonds and was off, far out in the boiling surf.

After the Dutch bewildered astonishment had subsided the first impulse was to fire on the bold swimmer. A dozen ineffectual shots were tried, and then the captain concluded 'twas only a waste of powder. They would have the pleasure of seeing him nearly drown, and then he would wash ashore to be hung after all.

It certainly did seem impossible that any human being could exist in the surf that day. The wind had been blowing a gale from the southward and eastward, and the breakers rolled in over the bar higher than a two-story house. But to Cool Conover the chances were not so utterly desperate as they seemed. Familiar with the spot from childhood, he understood well all its dangers and all human means of overcoming them. For the rest he trusted to Providence. Swimming with all his strength, he would dive into the middle of each wave as he met it, and gaining a little as it passed over him, would take a long breath and be ready for the next one. And so, more than half the time deep buried in the water, he strove manfully on, determined to drown rather than go back. Two or three times his brain whirled round, and the blackness of darkness came over him before his hard-tried limbs could force him through the solid water. Buffeted and dashed about, in spite of his best efforts, by the combing seas, had not spirit and flesh been strong and resolute the Hessians might have hung his body yet. But at last, weary and worn, in sad plight indeed, he did pull through. In still water outside the bar, having divested himself of his coat and boots, he could float with only his nose and mouth out of water and rest in comparative comfort. His trials were not yet over, however. If he proposed to wait and land under cover of night he must have felt that his situation was hopeless. As the lengthened shadows slowly gathered into twilight he could see the dragoons extending their line up and down shore, evidently intending to bivouac on the sand. Now swimming in a little way as the first breaker buoys him up, he can see them gathering wood for their camp fires. The captain has a field glass and is looking off, watching for the *Vulture* perhaps. Amos wishes she would stand in and pick him up; there might be a chance of exchange. Now there is a hurried movement down shore, and the bugle calls to arms. What can it be?

Far away to the southward a little speck, at one moment dancing feather-like on the topmost crest of a wave, the next lost in the trough of the sea. A bit of drift wouldn't ride so light as that; surely it must be a boat? And with rapid strokes, hand over hand, the lone swimmer also hurries down shore. But soon he is forced to stop breathless; and floating awaits the approach of the little object slowly drawing nearer. It is indeed a boat; a tiny, crescent-shaped, canoe-like surf-skiff, lap-streaked, of thin, narrow cedar boards, and weighing hardly more than a hundred pounds. Amos knows all this in a moment. That skiff was built by his hands. 'Tis his own little boat, bearing Alice's name, the name he couldn't paint out, nohow. And—God bless her!—Alice herself holds the oars.

With flying curls, and head over shoulder, she watches the tremendous seas as they come thundering in, threatening instant destruction to her frail bark. But, guided by her steady hand, the good skiff springs lightly up, high up the almost perpendicular wall of water, lingers an instant on its foam-crowned crest, then with a dart, like the swoop of an osprey, shoots swiftly down the far side.

Amos waves his hand and tries to shout. His breath is almost gone, and from his throat, filled with salt-water, comes only a gurgling moan. No matter, he has seen her and she knows it.

They have seen her too from the shore. The valiant Hessians are drawn up in battle array. The enemy is in sight; a defenseless girl; out on the heaving ocean, alone in an open boat. Courage, brave soldiers, fifty carbines strong. Steady in the ranks now. "Make ready! Take aim! Fire!"

Two or three scattering shots answer the command. They might as well have been fired at a swallow on the wing as at that soaring, diving little egg-shell, tossing on the long seas. For humanity's sake let us believe that most of the troopers emptied their pans, and not, as they assert, that the ocean spray has dampened their powder.

Alice does not even know of the kind messages the Hessians are sending after her. Every nerve sharp braced, every fibre tense with exertion, the noble girl sees only the coming waves—hears only their hollow roar as they dash upon the sand. The least turn of an oar might swamp her boat, and leave her—brother to drown. She does not once turn her head, but with steady, well-timed strokes, slowly draws near to him. Though almost exhausted, he swims into the surf to meet her. She sees him coming, and waits in the trough, as he is thrown toward her by a curling wave. He grasps the quarter-rail, and she leans far over the other side to balance his weight as he clambers in. But the wave lifts the light boat away from him, and his strength is all gone. For the first time Alice pales with alarm. What can she do? If she but move toward him, the canoe will turn over, and both be lost. Her despair is complete when she sees him loose first one hand, then the other, and drop into the sea. The next moment, however, his face appears above the stern-board, smiling encouragingly. Clinging to the board, he directs her, in hoarse, choking whispers, to pull out over the bar. How gladly she bends to the work!—The little boat does not lift quicker to a sea than her heart to his gasping words.

'Tis a weary pull, towing a man's weight so far. Those poor arms do ache terribly. But when they reach still water, where she can at last ship the oars, she springs to the stern locker, and her strength is renewed as her hands touch his, cold and inanimate though they are. She almost lifts him into the boat, where he sinks down, limp and lifeless enough — near indeed to the alternative which he chose rather than hanging.

Oh for a girl, in these days, with the forethought which placed in that boat a heavy coat and the stores a half-drowned man might need! Thanks to such considerateness, and to the kindest ministrations, Amos soon revived, and in an hour was pulling lustily up-shore, by light of the stars. That he was not much the worse for his long bath I infer from his marching back to Deal that night, surprising the Hessians with force enough to put them utterly to rout, rescuing Colonel Reynolds, and saving his home and *hers* from pillage.

I know not what change may have come to the heart of Alice Hendrickson during that night on the sea; but certain it is she afterward became the wife of Amos. Their story was told to the writer hereof by their son, Captain Ben Conover, the brave old wrecker of Deal.

"DANIEL BOONE."—[Drawn by T. C. Carpendale.]

THE GREAT RACE NEXT WEEK.

We publish herewith portraits of Congaree, Planet, and Daniel Boone, the three horses which are to run for the great $20,000 sweepstakes on 25th, on the Fashion Course. Seldom has any race in this country attracted so much attention, and the amount of money invested in bets is said to be unusually large. The rivalry between Daniel Boone, the champion of the West, and Congaree, the champion of the South, appears to partake of the warmth of the Presidential contest.

Daniel Boone is the property of Messrs. Cottrell and Brodnax, of Mobile. He is over sixteen hands; strong and well furnished; his color, bay brown, with black legs and white fetlocks. *Wilkes's Spirit* publishes the following record of his pedigree and performance:

"Daniel Boone is by Lexington, out of Magnolia by Imp. Glencoe. He made his first appearance when a three-year-old at Lexington, Kentucky, May 23, 1859, and was beaten in the Association Stake for three-year-olds, mile heats. The chestnut colt by Albion, dam by Leviathan, won, and Boone was distanced in the third heat with two others. At the fall meeting at the same place, September 21, he was beaten in the Great Produce Stake for three-year-olds, mile heats. Six started, and Lindora, by Lexington, out of Picayune, won. At Woodlawn, Kentucky, October 10, he won the sweepstakes for three-year-olds, two-mile heats, beating the chestnut colt by Wagner, dam by Glencoe; Lindora, by Lexington; Endorser, by Wagner; and the bay filly by Lexington, dam by Imp. Margrave. At Memphis, Tennessee, November 3, he won the Jockey Club Purse, two-mile heats, beating Hempland, Mary Wylie, and Birdcatcher. At Mobile, Alabama, March 15, 1860, won the Campbell Handicap, two-and-a-half-mile heats, beating Nicholas I. The latter carried 105 pounds, Boone 86 pounds. At the Metairie Spring Meeting, April 2, won the Crescent Post-stake, for all ages, two-mile heats, beating Planet, by Revenue, and Sigma, by Epsilon."

Congaree, a South Carolina colt, is owned by Mr. Puryear, of that State, and is a very beautiful animal, combining strength and beauty in an unusual degree. He is a bright bay. He is by Imp. Glencoe, out of Millwood, by Monarch, and has won a great number of races. He is four years old.

The celebrated chestnut stallion Planet is a model of symmetry and perfection. His immense depth of leg and length of quarter indicate surprising stoutness, and his admirable condition looks like running. His reputation as a four-mile horse is too well established to need our comments.

Planet is by Revenue, out of Nina, by Boston. He is the property of T. W. Doswell, Esq., of Richmond, Virginia.

"CONGAREE."—[Drawn by T. C. Carpendale.]

"PLANET."—[DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.]

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

So absorbed was I in the reflections of which my last chapter is the record that I utterly forgot how time was speeding, and perceived at last, to my great surprise, that I had strayed miles away from the Rosary, and that evening was already near. The spires and roofs of a town were distant about a mile off at a bend of the river, and for this I now made, determined on no account to turn back, for how could I ever again face those who had read the terrible narrative of the priest's letter, and before whom I could only present myself as a cheat and impostor?

"No," thought I, "my destiny points onward—and to Blondel; nothing shall turn me from the path." Less than an hour's walking brought me to the town, of which I had but time to learn the name—New Ross—as I left it in a small steamer for Waterford, a little vessel in correspondence with the mail packet for Melford, and which I learned would sail that evening at nine.

The same night saw me seated on the deck bound for England. On the deck, I say, for I had need to husband my resources, and travel with every imaginable economy, not only because my resources were small in themselves, but that having left all that I possessed of clothes and baggage at the Rosary, I should be obliged to acquire a complete outfit on reaching England.

It was a calm night with a starry sky and a tranquil sea, and when the cabin passengers had gone down to their berths the captain did not oppose my stealing "aft" to the quarter-deck, where I could separate myself from the somewhat riotous company of the harvest laborers that thronged the fore-part of the vessel. He saw, with that instinct a sailor is eminently gifted with, that I was not of that class by which I was surrounded, and with a ready courtesy he admitted me to the privilege of isolation.

"You are going to enlist, I'll be bound," said he, as he passed me in his short deck walk. "Ain't I right?"

"No," said I; "I'm going to seek my fortune."

"Seek your fortune!" repeated he, with a slighting sort of laugh. "One used to read about fellows doing that in story books when a child, but it's rather strange to hear of it nowadays."

"And may I presume to ask why should it be more strange now than formerly? Is not the world pretty much what it used to be? Is not the drama of life the same stock piece our forefathers played ages ago? Are not the actors and the actresses made up of the precise materials their ancestors were? Can you tell me of a new sentiment, a new emotion, or even a new crime? Why, therefore, should there be a seeming incongruity in reviving any feature of the past?"

"Just because it won't do, my good fellow," said he, bluntly. "If the law catches a fellow lounging about the world in these times it takes him up for a vagabond."

"And what can be finer, grander, or freer than a vagabond?" cried I, with enthusiasm. "Who, I would ask you, sees life with such philosophy? Who views the jails, the snares, the petty conflicts of the world with such a reflective calm as his? Caring little for personal indulgence, not solicitous for self-gratification, he has both the spirit and the leisure for observation. Diogenes was the type of the vagabond, and see how successive ages have acknowledged his wisdom!"

"If I had lived in *his* day, I'd have set him picking oakum for all that!" replied he.

"And probably, too, would have sent the 'blind old bard to the crank,'" said I.

"I'm not quite sure of whom you are talking," said he; "but if he was a good ballad-singer, I'd not be hard on him."

"Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω ᾿Αχιλῆος,"

spouted I out, in rapture.

"That ain't high Dutch?" asked he. "Is it?"

"No," said I, proudly. "It is ancient Greek—the godlike tongue of an immortal race."

"Immortal rascals!" broke he in. "I was in the fruit trade up in the Levant there, and such scoundrels as these Greek fellows I never met in my life."

"By what and whom made so?" exclaimed I, eagerly. "Can you point to a people in the world who have so long resisted the barbarizing influence of a base oppression? Was there ever a nation so imbued with high civilization as to be enabled for centuries of slavery to preserve the traditions of its greatness? Have we the record of any race but this, who could rise from the slough of degradation to the dignity of a people?"

"You've been a play-actor, I take it?" asked he, dryly.

"No, Sir, never!" replied I, with some indignation.

"Well, then, in the Methody line? You've done a stroke of preaching, I'll be sworn."

"You would be perjured in that case, Sir," rejoined I, as haughtily.

"At all events, an auctioneer," said he, fairly puzzled in his speculations.

"Equally mistaken there," said I, calmly; "bred in the midst of abundance, nurtured in affluence, and educated with all the solicitous care that a fond parent could bestow."

"Gammon!" said he, bluntly. "You are one of the swell mob in distress!"

"Is this like distress?" said I, drawing forth my purse, in which were seventy-five sovereigns, and handing it to him. "Count over that, and say how just and how generous are your suspicions."

He gravely took the purse from me, and, stooping down to the binnacle light, counted over the money, scrutinizing carefully the pieces as he went.

"And who is to say this isn't 'swag?'" said he, as he closed the purse.

"The easiest answer to that," said I, "is, would it be likely for a thief to show his booty, not merely to a stranger, but to a stranger who suspected him?"

"SCRUTINIZING THE PIECES CAREFULLY AS HE WENT."

"HE SADDLED AND BRIDLED A HORSE, AND RODE FOR THE SEA-COAST."

"Well, that is something, I confess," said he, slowly.

"It ought to be more—it ought to be every thing. If distrust were not a debasing sentiment, obstructing the impulses of generosity and even invading the precincts of justice, you would see far more reason to confide in than to disbelieve me."

"I've been done pretty often afore now," muttered he, half to himself.

"What a fallacy that is!" cried I, contemptuously. "Was not the pittance that some crafty impostor wrung from your compassion well repaid to you in the noble self-consciousness of your generosity? Did not your venison on that day taste better when you thought of his pork chop? Had not your Burgundy gained flavor by the memory of the glass of beer that was warming the half-chilled heart in *his* breast? Oh, the narrow mockery of fancying that we are not better by being deceived!"

"How long is it since you had your head shaved?" asked he, dryly.

"I have never been the inmate of an asylum for lunatics," said I, divining and answering the impertinent insinuation.

"Well, I own you are a rum 'un," said he, half musingly.

"I accept even this humble tribute to my originality," said I, with a sort of proud defiance. "I am well aware how *he* must be regarded who dares to assert his own individuality."

"I'd be very curious to know," said he, after a pause of several minutes, "how a fellow of your stamp sets to work about gaining his livelihood? What's his first step? How does he go about it?"

I gave no other answer than a smile of scornful meaning.

"I meant nothing offensive," resumed he; "but I really have a strong desire to be enlightened on this point."

"You are doubtless impressed with the notion," said I, boldly, "that men possessed of some distinct craft, or especial profession, are alone needed by the world of their fellows; that one must be doctor, or lawyer, or baker, or shoemaker to gain his living, as if life had no other wants than to be clothed, and fed, and physicked, and litigated. As if humanity had not its thousand emotional moods, its wayward impulses, its trials and temptations, all of them more needing guidance, support, direction, and counsel than the sickest patient needs a physician. It is on this world that I throw myself; I devote myself to guide infancy, to console age, to succor the orphan, and support the widow—morally, I mean."

"I begin to suspect you are a most artful vagabond," said he, half angrily.

"I have long since reconciled myself to the thought of an unjust appreciation," said I. "It is the consolation dull men accept when confronted with those of original genius. You can't help confessing that all your distrust of me has grown out of the superiority of my powers, and the humble figure you have presented in comparison with me."

"Do you rank modesty among these same powers?" asked he, slyly.

"Modesty I reject," said I, "as being a conventional form of hypocrisy."

"Come down below," said he, "and take a glass of brandy-and-water. It's growing chilly here, and we shall be the better of something to cheer us."

Seated in his comfortable little cabin, and with a goodly array of liquors before me to choose from, I really felt a self-confidence in the fact that, if I were not something out of the common, I could not then be there. "There must be in my nature," thought I, "that element which begets success, or I could not always find myself in situations so palpably beyond the accidents of my condition."

My host was courtesy itself; no sooner was I his guest than he adopted toward me a manner of perfect politeness. No more allusions to my precarious mode of life; never once a reference to my adventurous future. Indeed, with an almost artful exercise of good breeding he turned the conversation toward himself, and gave me a sketch of his own life.

It was not in any respects a remarkable one, though it had its share of those mishaps and misfortunes which every sailor must have confronted. He was wrecked in the Pacific, and robbed in the Havana; had his crew desert him at San Francisco, and was boarded by Riff pirates, and sold in Barbary just as every other blue-jacket was and will be to the end of time; and I listened to the story, only marveling what a dreary sameness pervades all these narratives. Why, for one trait of the truthful to prove his tale I could have invented fifty. There were no little touches of sentiment or feeling, no relieving sighs of human emotion in his story; I never felt, as I listened, any wish that he should be saved from shipwreck, baffle his persecutors, or escape his captors; and I thought to myself, "This fellow has certainly got no narrative gusto." Now for *my* turn: we had each of us partaken freely of the good liquor before us. The captain in his quality of talker, I in my capacity of listener, had filled and refilled several times. There was not any thing like inebriety, but there was that amount of exultation, a stage higher than mere excitement, which prompts men, at least men of temperaments like mine, not to suffer themselves to occupy rear rank positions, but at any cost to become foreground and prominent figures.

"You have heard of the M'Gillicnddys, I suppose?" asked I. He nodded, and I went on. "You see, then, at this moment before you the last of the race. I mean, of course, of the elder branch, for there are swarms of the others, well to do and prosperous also, and with fine estated properties.

"I'll not weary you with family history. I'll not refer to that remote time when my ancestors wore the crown and ruled the fair kingdom of Kerry. In the Annals of the Four Masters, and also in the Chronicles of Thealbogh O'Faudlemh, you'll find a detailed account of our house. I'll simply narrate for you the immediate incident which has made me what you see me—an outcast and a beggar.

"My father was the tried and trusted friend of that noble-hearted but mistaken man, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The famous attempt of the year 'eight was concerted between them, and all the causes of its failure, secret as they are and forever must be, are known to him who now addresses you. I dare not trust myself to talk of these times or things lest I should by accident let drop what might prove strictly confidential. I will but recount one incident, and that a personal one, of the period. On the night of Lord Edward's capture, my father, who had invited a friend—deep himself in the conspiracy—to dine with him, met his guest on the steps of his hall-door. Mr. Hammond—this was his name—was pale and horror-struck, and could scarcely speak, as my father shook his hand. 'Do you know what has happened, Mac?' said he to my father. 'Lord Edward is taken, Major Sirr and his party have tracked him to his hiding-place; they have got hold of all our papers, and we are lost. By this time to-morrow every man of us will be within the walls of Newgate.'

"'Don't look so gloomily, Tom,' said my father, 'Lord Edward will escape them yet; he's not a bird to be snared so easily; and after all we shall find means to slip our cables too. Come in, and enjoy your sirloin and a good glass of port, and you'll view the world more pleasantly.' With a little encouragement of this sort he cheered him up, and the dinner passed off agreeably enough; but still my father could see that his friend was by no means at his ease, and at every time the door opened he would start with a degree of surprise that augured anxiety of some coming event. From these and other signs of uneasiness in his manner, my father drew his own conclusions, and with a quick intelligence of look communicated his suspicions to my mother, who was herself a keen and shrewd observer.

"'Do you think, Matty,' said he, as they sat over their wine, 'that I could find a bottle of the old green seal if I was to look for it in the cellar? It has been upward of forty years there, and I never touch it save on especial occasions; but an old friend like Hammond deserves such a treat.'

"My father fancied that Hammond grew paler as he thus alluded to their old friendship, and he gave my mother a rapid glance of his sharp eye, and, taking the cellar-key, he left the room. Immediately outside the door he hastened to the stable, saddled and bridled a horse, and stepping quietly out, he rode for the sea-coast, near the Skerries. It was sixteen miles from Dublin, but he did the distance within the hour. And well was it for him that he employed such speed! With a liberal offer of money, and the gold watch he wore, he secured a small fishing-smack to convey him over to France, for which he sailed immediately. I have said it was well that he employed such speed; for after waiting with suppressed impatience for my father's return from the cellar, Hammond expressed to my mother his fears lest my father might have been taken ill. She tried to quiet his apprehensions, but the very calm of her manner served only to increase them. 'I can bear this no longer,' cried he at last, rising in much excitement from his chair; 'I must see what has become of him!' At the same moment the door was suddenly flung open, and an officer of police in full uniform presented himself. 'He has got away, Sir,' said he, addressing Hammond, 'the stable-door is open, and one of the horses missing.'

"My mother, from whom I heard the story, had only time to mutter a 'Thank God!' when she fainted. On recovering her senses she found herself alone in the room. The traitor Hammond and the police had left her without even calling the servants to her aid."

"And your father—what became of him?" asked the skipper, eagerly.

"He arrived in Paris in sorry plight enough; but, fortunately, Clarke, whose influence with the Emperor was unbounded, was a distant connection of our family. By his intervention my father obtained an interview with his Majesty, who was greatly struck by the adventurous spirit and daring character of the man; not the less so because he had the courage to disabuse the Emperor of many notions and impressions he had conceived about the readiness of Ireland to accept French assistance.

"Though my father would much have preferred taking service in the army, the Emperor, who had strong prejudices against men becoming soldiers who had not served in every grade from the ranks upward, opposed this intention, and employed him in a civil capacity. In fact, to his management were intrusted some of the most delicate and difficult secret negotiations; and he gained a high name for acuteness and honorable dealing. In recognition of his services his name was inscribed in the Grand Livre for a considerable pension; but at the fall of the dynasty, this, with hundreds of others equally meritorious, was annulled; and my father, worn out with age and disappointment together, sank at last, and died at Dinant, where my mother was buried but a few years previous. Meanwhile he was tried and found guilty of high treason in Ireland, and all his lands and other property forfeited to the Crown. My present journey was simply a pilgrimage to see the old possessions that once belonged to our race. It was my father's last wish that I should visit the ancient home of our family, and stand upon the hills that once acknowledged us as their ruler. He never desired that I should remain a French subject; a lingering love for his own country mingled in his heart with a certain resentment toward France, who had certainly treated him with ingratitude; and almost his last words to me were, 'Distrust the Gaul.' When I told you, a while back, that I was nurtured in affluence, it was so to all appearance, for my father had spent every shilling of his capital on my education, and I was under the firm conviction that I was born to a very great fortune. You may judge the terrible revulsion of my feelings when I learned that I had to face the world almost, if not actually, a beggar.

"I could easily have attached myself as a hanger-on of some of my well-to-do relations. Indeed, I will say for them, they showed the kindest disposition to befriend me; but the position of a dependent would have destroyed every chance of happiness for me, and so I resolved that I would fearlessly throw myself upon the broad ocean of life, and trust that some sea-current or favoring wind would bear me at last into a harbor of safety."

"What can you do?" asked he, curtly.

"Every thing, and nothing. I have, so to say, the 'sentiment' of all things in my heart, but am not capable of executing one of them. With the most correct ear, I know not a note of music; and though I could not cook you a chop, I have the most exquisite appreciation of a well-dressed dinner."

"Well," said he, laughing, "I must confess I don't suspect those to be exactly the sort of gifts to benefit your fellow-man."

"And yet," said I, "it is exactly to individuals of this stamp that the world accords its prizes. The impresario that provides the opera could not sing nor dance. The general who directs the campaign might be sorely puzzled how to clean his musket or pipeclay his belt. The great minister who imposes a tax might be totally unequal to the duty of applying its provisions. Ask him to gauge a hogshead of spirits, for instance. *My* position is like *theirs*. I tell you, once more, the world wants men of wide conceptions and far-ranging ideas—men who look to great results and grand combinations."

"But, to be practical, how do you mean to breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"At a moderate cost, but comfortably: tea, rolls, two eggs, and a rump-steak with fried potatoes."

"What's your name?" said he, taking out his note-book. "I mustn't forget you when I hear of you next."

"For the present I call myself Potts—Mr. Potts, if you please."

"Write it here yourself," said he, handing me the pencil. And I wrote, in a bold, vigorous hand, "Algernon Sydney Potts," with the date.

"Preserve that autograph, captain," said I; "it is in no spirit of vanity I say it, but the day will come you'll refuse a ten-pound note for it."

"Well, I'd take a trifle less just now," said he, smiling.

He sat for some time gravely contemplating the writing, and at length, in a sort of half soliloquy, said, "Bob would like him—he would suit Bob." Then, lifting his head, he addressed me: "I have a brother in command of one of the P. and O. steamers—just the fellow for *you*. He has got ideas pretty much like your own about success in life, and won't be persuaded that he isn't the first seaman in the English navy, or that he hasn't a plan to send Cherbourg and its breakwater sky high at twenty-four hours' warning."

"An enthusiast—a visionary, I have no doubt," said I, contemptuously.

"Well, I think you might be more merciful in your judgment of a man of your own stamp," retorted he, laughing. "At all events, it would be as good as a play to see you together. If you should chance to be at Malta or Marseilles when the *Clarence* touches there, just ask for Captain Rogers; tell him you know me, that will be enough."

"Why not give me a line of introduction to him?" said I, with an easy indifference. "These things serve to clear away the awkwardness of a self-presentation."

"I don't care if I do," said he, taking a sheet of paper, and beginning "Dear Bob"—after which he paused and deliberated, muttering the words "Dear Bob" three or four times over below his breath.

"'Dear Bob,'" said I, aloud, in the tone of one dictating to an amanuensis, "'this brief note will be handed to you by a very valued friend of mine, Algernon Sydney Potts, a man so completely after your own heart that I feel a downright satisfaction in bringing you together.'"

"Well, that ain't so bad," said he, as he uttered the last words which fell from his pen—"'in bringing you together.'"

"Go on," said I, dictatorially, and continued: "'Thrown by a mere accident myself into his society, I was so struck by his attainments, the originality of his views, and the wide extent of his knowledge of life—' Have you *that* down?"

"No," said he, in some confusion, "I am only at 'entertainments.'"

"I said '*at*-tainments,' Sir," said I, rebukingly, and then repeating the passage word for word till he had written it—"'that I conceived for him a regard and an esteem rarely accorded to others than our oldest friends.' One word more: 'Potts, from certain circumstances which I can not here enter upon, may appear to you in some temporary inconvenience as regards money—'"

Here the captain stopped, and gave me a most significant look; it was at once an appreciation and an expression of drollery.

"Go on," said I, dryly. "'If so,'" resumed I, "'be guardedly cautious neither to notice his embarrassment nor allude to it; above all, take especial care that you make no offer to remove the inconvenience, for he is one of those whose sensibilities are so fine, and whose sentiments so fastidious, who could never recover in his own esteem the dignity compromised by such an incident.'"

"Very neatly turned," said he, as he re-read the passage. "I think that's quite enough."

"Ample. You have nothing more to do than sign your name to it."

He did this, with a verificatory flourish at foot, folded and sealed the letter, and handed it to me, saying,

"If it weren't for the handwriting Bob would never believe all that fine stuff came from *me;* but you'll tell him it was after three glasses of brandy-and-water that I dashed it off—that will explain every thing."

I promised faithfully to make the required explanation, and then proceeded to make some inquiries about this brother Bob, whose nature was in such a close affinity with my own. I could learn, however, but little beyond the muttered acknowledgment that Bob was a "queer 'un," and that there was never his equal for "falling upon good luck, and spending it after"—a description which, when applied to my own conscience, told such an amount of truth that was actually painful.

"There's no saying," said I, as I pocketed the letter. "If this epistle should ever reach your brother's hand, my course in life is too wayward and uncertain for me to say in what corner of the earth fate may find me; but if we *are* to meet, you shall hear of it. Rogers"—I said this in all the easy familiarity which brandy inspired—"I'll tell your brother of the warm and generous hospitality you extended to me, at a time that, to all seeming, I needed such attentions—at a time, I say, when none but myself could know how independently I stood as regarded means; and of one thing be assured, Rogers, he whose caprice it now is to call himself Potts, is your friend, your fast friend, for life."

He wrung my hand cordially—perhaps it was the easiest way for an honest sailor, as he was, to acknowledge the patronizing tone of my speech—but I could plainly see that he was sorely puzzled by the situation, and possibly very well pleased that there was no third party to be a spectator of it.

"Throw yourself there on that sofa," said he, "and take a sleep." And with that piece of counsel he left me, and went up on deck.

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